

# MAN

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## GAMES BIG BOYS PLAY



Cindy's an outdoors girl. Join her on page 21  
for a romp through the flowers.

# MAN

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# MAN TO MAN

## TAKING TURNS

**WHEN I** go home at night I'm generally too tired for lovemaking, yet my male is aching to go. Desire doesn't hit me until next morning, but by then she's cooled down.

We seem to be on different wavelengths . . . she's a "night lover" and I'm a "morning lover". What can we do?

*Jeff Simpson, Burnie, Tasmania.*  
This is a common problem. The best solution is a little consideration by both parties. Perhaps you can take it week about? Eventually some sort of balance will be reached.

## GIRLS KNOW MORE

I'M having a dispute with some of my friends and I thought MAN's experts might be able to sort it out for us.

Who knows more about sex at the time of marriage? They say women, but I'm willing to stake next week's pay packet that the men are clued up when they say "I do". Am I right, aren't I?

*John Barton, Elizabeth, S.A.*  
Sorry John, you're working for nothing next week. The experts say that women have a much wider range of sexual knowledge at the time of marriage.

## MIRROR MIRROR

I READ recently about one gay blade who sat up mirrors round his bedroom. He wanted to see his girls in all their naked beauty.

Now I thought of doing the same thing, but my girl says the idea is disgusting. Is she abnormal, or is it I who has the strange tastes?

*Maurice Jackson, Mt Isa, Qld.*  
Neither of you are abnormal. It's just that different things turn on different people. But if sounds like you best forget the mirrors — or change birds. Incidentally, more than 50 percent of women quizzed in the US say they don't like being "studied" during the act of love.

## SEXY FOODS

**THANKS** for the article on cooking your way to the out (A Jug of Wine and a Loaf of Bread Isn't Enough, MAN July). Best of all was the indication that this is the first of a continuing series. As a tyro trainee chef, I didn't ever know

what the word meant until I looked it up, found it referred to someone addicted to the pleasures of fine food and drink! This series will be of great assistance. I think it's true that Australians don't know much about food, apart from the fact that we eat a hell of a lot of it!

While I'm on the subject, let me put in a good word for the story in the previous issue on Virility Diet. Dr. Baldwin, I was glad to see, was very cautious in claiming that specific foods are potency boosters, but his general argument is quite true — if you aren't healthy, your love-life will go to pieces.

Now Paul Jones has come along with the next step: eating for pleasure, as well as sheer health. Put together, I'm sure my love-life is going to take on a new lease of life. So keep those food stories coming!

*Notice Gourmet, Woodville, S.A.*

**Glad you like the food series.** Next month Paul Jones has a recipe guaranteed to satisfy the hungriest female. Don't miss it.

## ADVANCE IN ART

I was really taken by that lovely picture of the woman(s) with two heads and three breasts, which appeared in Man's World in your September issue.

Granted it's not a work for the children's room, but perhaps is certainly an art form I'd like to see much more of in Australia. I'm sick and tired of paintings which are no more than lines, blobs and dots.

Art has come a long way since the turn-of-the-century studies of unclothed industrial cities or green study fields. With painters like John Holmes round it's time to go a lot further in reflecting man's innermost thoughts and being a mirror of his social conscience.

*T Mendroch, Potts Point, NSW.*  
Yes, we think Holmes has something too. But of the same his paintings are not the sort of thing we'd like to be faced with over breakfast.

## PERSONAL INSURANCE

THE Games Bedmates Play (MAN September) was a good laugh, and they certainly could be a lot of fun.

But what I want to know is: Who do I ask if a bird takes a swipe and does me serious sexual damage after I've offered her \$1.67 to sleep with me (as suggested in the article)?

I can't seem to find Matt Kennedy's address in the phone book.

*Jeff Barker, Scarborough, WA.*  
Matt Kennedy has an availed number for just such emergencies. Might we suggest you choose your subjects carefully and rule out any with such a violent nature.

# MAN'S WORLD

## A STAB IN THE DARK

**BIRDS** who won't make love with the lights on — or those who go to the bathroom to undress — usually say no to experimental sex techniques.

But once they can be persuaded to leave the lights blazing they usually go pretty wild between the sheets. All their inhibitions seem to evaporate.

## SHAPELY DOUBLE



IT'S a long way to fall and those solid rubber tyres don't give the smoothest ride, but for pure outdoor fun there's nothing like a Sunday afternoon punt on a Penny Farthing.

Sandra Taylor has been riding her old bike for years now and wouldn't give it up for the world. "It's not as fancy as today's chromium-plated models, but once you get the hang of it you'll never consider another bicycle," she says.

Sandra also confided in us that riding the old machine helps keep her figure in shape, which is one reason why we like Penny Farthings.

**HIRE**'s a little "comfort" for air travellers. The next time you're in a plane, pray that the pilot hasn't just had a row with his wife.

Airline studies have shown that most pilots — and specially those on the other-side of 40 — constantly fight against stress. Nothing wears him out more than a ding-dong brawl with the loved one.



**THRILL-SEEKING** girls at one American college were told that they would be expelled if they continued to ride motorcycles round the grounds while they were nude.

So the next time the girls went on a afternoon punt they were pantless!

**PROFIT** and loss as the Americans see it. Coal, snake anti-venom has been withdrawn from the commercial market. Reason is that not enough people are being bitten to make it worthwhile to continue manufacturing the stuff.

Hospitals and doctors have begun a supply of the remaining vaccine.

Seems that in some cases it is simply uneconomic to save lives.

**MEN** who come from large families are more often than not less sensitive to pain than those who have only one brother or sister.

A US court recently ruled that jailing a man and preventing him from having sex was not a "erud and unusual punishment".

One convict sued the Federal Government and demanded that his wife be allowed to join him for love sessions during visiting hours. The learned judges didn't agree.

**THE** fabled, elusive Loch Ness monster just might have a "family". A marine biologist has reported seeing a second monster in the Scottish lake. Scientists previously only had sonar recordings to prove that Nessie had a brother or a sister. Biologist Neil Blom described the "thing" as "black, smooth and hump-backed". He said it resembled an eel.

**IF** you're thinking of tying the knot with a go-go dancer, better make sure she gives up her job first.

Studies have proven that divorce rates among go-go dancers, topless dancers and other jobs where there is constant noise, is high — and rising.

A steady pattern of noise deters sexual desires. A dancer coming home after several hours bouncing to a noisy band will be about as sexually interesting as a wet dropout.

**RECENT** surveys have shown that non-believers earn more money than those inclined towards religion. Some experts think that atheists spend more time thinking about their jobs and therefore get ahead faster.

**AMERICAN** swingers claim that there are few birds sexually wilder than female defectors from behind the Iron Curtain. After living all their lives looking over their shoulders in fear, these newly liberated girls really let go beneath the sheets. What they have never heard of is techniques they try to invent.

We've told that they try so hard they're like girls who have just been released after a long spell in the nick.

#### 'STAND AND DELIVER!'



**BACK** in the 1880s bushrangers liked to think of themselves as gentlemen, and often dressed to fit the part. They would doff their armour at the drop of a fiddler's bow and prance round the dance floor in their stolen finery until the dawn light threaded its way through the tall gums, or lawopers appeared at the gate.

One of our citizens with more than a passing interest in Australia's history decided to capture these two facets of the bushranger's life in one frame. This is how he sees our gentlemen-bandit of 90 years ago.

**MEN** who don't turn up for work may have wife or girlfriend problems, according to a leading London doctor.

Dr H. Bagnall Goodwin says absenteeism is not only caused by stress. An argument with a partner causes worry, which throws the day's schedule in chaos.

Finally it gets to the stage where he can't face the office.

#### BEAUTY ON THE BALL



**THE** centre-forward wore a dark curly wig, leopard skin shorts and thigh-high socks, the winger from one team was brought down by a late tackle and burst into tears, and all the players were specially groomed by a team of handresses at half time.

No, it's not the Gay Power movement, just an all-girl soccer game in London.

It was certainly a bonanza for a voyeur. The players were all models and most played without bras. They were the hottest of hotspots and there wasn't an ounce of brass among them.

The girls staged the game for charity.

It's worth mentioning that British soccer star, Bobby Moore, has warned Women's Lib away from football. "It's not a women's world," he says. "It's a big, brass world with brass, buffaloes and beakings."

**THE** only place in the world that hasn't registered a pollution increase is over the South Pacific. Tests made in that fabled part of the globe show that levels of contamination hasn't increased over the last 60 years. See you there!

**HARDCORE** pornography, live nude shows and "blat" film business in the US are being infiltrated and taken over by the Mafia. It appears sex is becoming so lucrative that the underworld is moving on a piece of the action.





He was a gigolo, a beach bum,  
a bedder of old women for cash.

Now this plain girl  
with the golden body and  
the golden inheritance  
moved toward the trap he'd lured.

But there was a flaw in his plan,  
an intrusive factor which might  
yet wreck it / Fiction By Peter Draffin

# THE LAST HUSTLE

MURRAY GRANT'S only asset was his looks. Tall, broad-shouldered, blond, he looked like a virile male model. And he had it all worked out. □ He sat in his rattletrap VW under the beachside Norfolk Pines wearing expensive sunglasses, a deep tan and boardshorts. He was looking at a photo torn from a newspaper. An expensive young girl with a voluptuous body and a bad head had been frozen by the social-page photographer, giggling behind a glass of champagne. He hadn't met Pru Worth yet. But he was going to. Soon. □ He glanced at his watch, then checked in the notebook where he'd made neat entries about all her movements these last four days. She usually arrived on the beach around 10. Today was the day. She was late. □ Murray surveyed the hot beach. Crowded, for a weekday. All those rich young Mums, wives of businessmen, the people whose holiday homes on the headland were the size of suburban mansions. All those oiled-gold rich bodies in imported bikinis, their money, the pleasures it paid for. □ He swung his glance up to the headland. The Worth house straddled the crest, a magnificent building, winner of last year's Design Award, all glass, rough stone and patios. Wouldn't be a bad place to live. □ He was lighting a Camel when the familiar orange fastback drifted out of the downhill corner from the headland. He slid out of the VW, lounged nonchalantly in front of an immaculate white Mustang. Its owner was in the surf, came down for a dip every morning. His movements were also in the notebook. □ The girl parked the Italian fastback, climbed out, wearing a tiny bikini, a bodychain. In the hard summer sunlight, and despite great big sunglasses, there was only one word for her head: bad. Though he liked the dark hair down her brown back. □ She picked her way down grass to the beach.

She was with a blonde, Jane, and as they passed Murray he flashed Jane an easy smile. He'd chatted her up yesterday, while Pru had been in the surf. □ He studied the girl's backbones as they bent, spreading beach towels. Pru would be asking who he was. Girls always wanted to know who Murray was. And the Mustang would have looked pretty impressive.

□ There was a four foot surf up. Murray strode down the beach past the girls, wading out through brown children and Mums. He cracked a few waves. The ease with which his fit body used the surging power of the waves for nothing but pleasure convinced him he was ready for the vital first move. And anyway, he



*"Most men lead lives of quiet desperation — why can't you?"*



only had \$10 left between him and starvation.

He came dropping from the surf as if heading straight for the Mustang. As he stepped over rich bodies to pass the two girls Jane propped herself up on one elbow. "Hi," she said.

Pru was asleep on her stomach, bikini top undone. Murray sat himself down. "How's it going?" His eyes wandered over Pru's body.

They talked about the divine weather, the surf, they smoked Jane's menthol cigarettes. Pru stared, sat up sleepily, remembering just in time to hold on to her bikini cups. "You're getting bare!" Jane told her, naming for the sustenance of.

"Let me do that," Murray said, "it's a man's job."

"How kind," Pru answered mockingly, but rolled over so he could rub oil into her golden shoulders, her back, his hands moving higher than necessary down her spine until his massaging fingers were brought up by her clutched pink bikini bottom. He admired the start of her buttock cleavage. "That'll be enough," she told him demurely, but there was a flicker of sexual interest in her brown eyes. She had the fragrance of the young and the new.

Murray rolled over, went to sleep, well pleased with his first move. It was late when he woke. Pru was shaking his shoulder. They were going and he was on her towel. He looked up at her kneeling above him. He sniffed. She sniffed back, wanly, and Jane scowled, shaking sand violently from her towel.

"Jane, you didn't tell me your friend's name," Pru said reproachfully. Murray held her with his eyes, told her with an intimacy that astronomically excluded poor Jane.

"Well, Murray, why not come up to my place for a drink?"

He looked at his watch. His face fell. He'd promised that look of spontaneous disappointment. "Love to, only I'm expecting a call."

"From your wife?" Jane asked wistfully.

"I'm not married. No, if it interests you, it'll be from my man in New York."

"You don't look like a businessman."

"I'm not. I'm an investor in businesses." And then, as an afterthought, "tell you what. I'd like to look at the house, because I'm thinking of using your architect for a little place of my own, so could I come up a little later?"

"I'd like that," Pru said. They walked together towards the car. The white Mustang had gone. Murray had to think fast.

"Could you run me back to my hotel? Some friends seem to have borrowed my car."

As they drove, he caught a glimpse of Jane in the rear vision. She was looking uncomfortably like someone who hadn't been fooled. Well, too late now.

They dropped him in the secret's crowded main street, outside the towering chrome-and-glass Seashore Hotel. Murray strode into the foyer, and as he heaved the footback room off went through to the bar for a beer. Keep calm, Murray, he told himself, hang loose.

Then he walked back to the beach, picked up the VW and named it all the way to his crummy motel on the outskirts of town, beside the highway. He packed a block away and slipped in the back. The woman on the desk kept asking him about his overdue rent. He took a cold shower and, under the stinging water, a long serious look at what he called his life.

He'd left school at 15, working on and off at dozens of jobs, bumbled around, hated it all. He dreamed of ads in the magazines, the Good Life, the sports cars, girls who lasted of money. He started hanging around the best bars, wearing his one set of good clothes and it wasn't too long before rich, bored ladies started asking him out to lunch on days when their husbands were away on business trips.

But that wasn't much fun. He was always short of cash. Now he was 28, no longer a pretty boy, he had to get it together. So he came to the motel to sort his head out. He'd seen Pru's photo in the paper, checked on her background. The Worth supermarket chain, the investment corporation would all go to Pru, a chemist only child.

He dressed carefully. The skintight white flane, the imported French T-shirt. He'd have to get hold of a cog to match.

Though a loner, Murray always worked with an accomplice. This time it was Ray, known as Raylene to his very best friends, a cunning little queer human dove at the Seashore.

The VW pattered along through the warm, seaside night. It's going to be close, Murray thought. Ray had already done favors, free drinks, a steel, introductions to socially prominent drunks. The camp girl in his eye meant he wasn't doing it for nothing, mate. Pretty soon he'd start putting the hard word on. Not tonight, Murray prayed. Just one last little favor. I need Ray's car tonight. He jerked the VW, strode through the holiday crowds, lit by neon palm trees and bar signs.

My last battle, he told himself, walking into the dim world of the Staffer Room where Ray held court at the bar. Pru's bad head means she doesn't get too many propositions from guys as handsome as me. He was not being vain, merely realistic. Nipety also girls in a hundred found the practiced smoothness of his approach irresistible.

"What's yours, love?" Ray asked as Murray breathed up to the bar.

"Scotch, beer, one yourself," Murray told him, settling on to a stool. Ray flipped up his plucked eyebrows when Murray asked for the car.

"My, but you hustlers are naughty." The silence stretched out despite the clamor of other drinkers. Murray flashed his winning smile. Ray crunched. "I suppose I can fix you up, big boy," Ray sighed, like a stage trepidation. But he held his car keys across the smail of the bar.

The car was in the basement car park, a red Mercedes soft top, on which Ray had clearly spent his life's savings. Or he'd be paying it off for the rest of his life. Murray liked his galley room. He drove fast along the waterfront, top down, radio up loud.

He hated himself. He was a hustler, a cheap little hustler. Well, screw that; he was not of cheap motel rooms, cheap friends, sagging, wealthy women. He'd all be different when he'd married Pru.

He pulled over, unclosed a Camel, watched the moonlight. Then he swung the car and drove dangerously fast back towards the bright lights of the headland.

The Worth place was magnificent. He parked behind a Bentley, pulled his windshield wiper into place, tried a smile for size and then rang the bell.

Pru answered. A Patch shift showed off her firm body and a lot of makeup improved her face. "Didn't think you were coming," she said reproachfully as he followed her through a huge room whose glass doors opened on to a patio overlooking the bay. "Mummy, meet my parents."

Worth was a fat little bloke who looked like he didn't sleep much. A woman leaned at the nifing, sipping a drink. She turned. Murray's mouth went dry.

His face lightened. "Pleased to meet you," he managed to say. Mrs. Worth extended her hand with a mocking formality. She too was suffering from shock.

They'd met before. In a bar, and afterwards in a hotel room to the days when Murray had been hustling old ladies for money. She wasn't a bad looking, for her age. They settled coldly now at one another. There was nothing she could say, not with her husband present.

(Continued on page 78)



# THE ADRENALIN FOR BREAKFAST WORLD OF A SWITCHED ON

**DJ** It's five a.m. and most people are still snug in the cot. □ Not Ted Bell. His day is already well under way. Spinning them in at breakfast speed on the Big UW. Newsbreaks, top hits, weather breaks, golden oldies, and in the middle of all of it Sydney's happiest breakfast man—Ted. Five to nine, five days a week. □ At 27 Ted is right at the top. But it's been a long haul for a guy who started out as a PMO telegram boy. □ What does it take to get to the top in the frantic world of Sydney radio? That's the question I put to Ted in his waterfront apartment overlooking Sydney's Neutral Bay. Surrounded by Jacobean prints and furniture and still riding high on the adrenalin charge of his morning show, Ted filled me in on the radio game. □ "Being a successful DJ takes a heck of a lot of self-confidence," Ted told me. "You've got to be sure of your ability to entertain people. You've got to be able to get your personality across. I suppose you've got to be a bit of an egotist. You need lots and lots of drive—but the main thing is self-confidence." □ Ted left school a total wipeout. Flunked as a telegram boy, bombed out as an electrical apprentice and found himself working as a clerk in the Department of Public Works. He developed a passion for amateur theatre—and the leading bird is the company. □ "That was my big break. Suddenly I'd changed from a shy introvert to an extrovert. Suddenly I was the kind of happy go lucky guy that could communicate with people and entertain them." □ After four years of practising his lines while filing records Ted decided to have a go at radio. "I was going nowhere fast in the job and saw a DJ course advertised. A three month course in radio announcing." □ Three months and 18 applications later the closest Ted had come to broadcasting was a job in the BWA factory as a production control clerk. □ At least that looked better on the applications. □ Application number 19 was successful. Ted landed a job with Radio 2LT Lithgow. Broadcasting a couple of hours a day, writing copy, cleaning the men's washroom and fetching coal for the station heating system . . . all for the princely sum of \$15/2/- a week.

(Continued on page 90)

An interview by Peter Tate

Big men, big fish, big games.  
That's marlin fishing off the North Queensland Coast.  
Fighting a 1000-lb-plus fish from a small boat in a heaving  
swell is not everybody's idea of relaxation.  
But Big Bill Chapman plays his games hard—  
and they don't come much harder than  
hauling in the black marlin.

By Vic McCristal



# GAMES BIG BOYS PLAY

I'VE NO IDEA HOW to tell this fish story. Several times I've started, and then retired in defeat. Totally accurate, it still reads like an exaggeration, a huge distortion. □ I guess you'd have to go marlin fishing off Cairns for a few years to get the whole picture. It is certainly tough to explain to people who may not be fishermen . . . or even to some who are fishermen. In any case, I am a fisherman who has never caught a marlin. Very often I feel like experts who sit at ringside, but never get inside the ropes. □ Imagine a man rich enough to run gold and diamond businesses in South America for hobbies, who was a boxing champion at Yale, or Harvard—we fishermen don't take much notice of any alma mater, only the sea. A big man, still fit, who likes to fish his own way . . . well enough to lure out the hardest noses in the big leagues, men who can handle half a ton or more of the greatest fish in the sea—black marlin. This creature feeds on the other fast fish of the open ocean, dives to 500 feet or races across the surface at 60 knots. Such fish call for a different breed of man, and Bill Chapman is one of them. Bill has the wealth to do it his way, the spirit to take a beating and still fight the fish, and total rapport with his crew. □ This last season he hired two boats, skippered by the father-son team of Harold Collis and Alan Collis. Apart from their marlin experience, which is second to none, those two come from the Torres Strait, a tough training ground. □ For cockpit crew, Bill flew Peter Wright out from Florida, with Dennis Hayes as second mate. You could write a book about any of these characters, but let's keep it brief. They're young, hard, disciplined and trained in big fish handling at close range. It may not sound it, but it's a job where one mistake could mean your life. □ When Chapman invited me on a 12-day marlin hunt I knew what to expect. I've been out with all of them before. The idea was an expedition to Cooktown, or thereabouts, living on the 80-foot Reef Lady and fishing from the 38-foot Kestelle. Each night we'd anchor behind a reef, and during the day hunt outside the

*Almost  
beaten,  
but still  
fighting,  
a marlin  
thrashes  
clear for  
what may  
be the last  
time.*



## GAMES BIG BOYS PLAY

continental shelf in the open ocean. □ We had wild weather. Chapman fished against the ground sea built by winds consistently reaching 25 knots. The boat and crew can take it, but hell—in such a sea, you can't even lie down without hanging on. Then, pit man against 1000 pounds of marlin and you see why Chapman uses crew like the Goffa pair, or Pete and Dennis. The only reason I could find for my presence was that I'd done enough sea work to stand up and shoot pictures. I've seen a lot of marlin, and have been there when these of more than 1000 lbs were boated, so both Chapman and his crew figure me for nobody's Jonah. The rule held out this time, too. None of us had ever seen so many big marlin in a single trip—16, 14, 10 in a day. □ Marlin fishing is a sport where you can go a week without sighting a fish, or thank yourself lucky to see a 300-pounder, once a day. Chapman tagged a bundle of fish from 800 to 900 pounds—stuck a numbered tag in their shoulders and let them go again. □ I rate the whole outfit world class, and yet there's no flamboyance despite the strength of the personalities. Like big-league athletes, they have a jargon all their own and there's a lot of understatement. But when we anchored behind a reef for the night, the evening meal of a big steak, roast beef, vegetables or fruit would be lubricated only with a beer or two, or a glass of red. We might read from the paperback library, or fish for a while with handlines, but all would be asleep by 10 o'clock. They're tough, but you can't fight marlin in rough seas and carouse the same night. □ Fishing often went for only a few hours from daylight, followed by a respite behind the reef, and then an afternoon session. The best of it came where currents met or cut up badly against the strong winds. Some was close enough to the reefs for us to watch uneasily—long, rolling slopes of ocean shattered by the coral beds, the boat lurching high and staggering uneasily down each successive swell.

(Continued on page 84)



**ABOVE:** Tired after a long day in the fighting chair against a succession of black marlin, Chapman's face still shows determination.

**RIGHT:** Pete Wright congratulates Bill Chapman after the fish was measured and estimated at 1,000 lb. It actually turned out to be 1,050.

**FAR RIGHT:** Peter Wright puts all his weight as a big one. It takes a lot of strength and training







*"I thought you were the girl."*



# THREE'S A CROWD

An hilarious satire on advertising, sex, politics and just about everything else by  
**MICHAEL O'ROURKE**, whose short story won last year's prestigious Captain Cook Bicentennial Celebration Literary Competition.

ROGER QUALMS hummed a merry tune as he weaved skilfully among the six lanes of traffic. Most of the other vehicles were on automatic, guided by the metal strips running down the middle of each lane, travelling at a constant, arduous speed. But Roger prided himself on his independence and was on manual steering. He grinned back at disapproving faces in the other cars as he scooted past them.

He'd been anticipating this night for more than two years. At last Felicia was 17 and he could take her out unchaperoned. At that, he was lucky; most parents these days waited until their daughters were 18 or even 19. Roger sang a happy song as he took the turning into the street where Felicia lived.

"Hello, Roger!" Mrs Groat smiled benignly as she opened the door. "Felicia's just coming down now."

"Hi, Roger," said the lovely Felicia, descending the stairs. She blushed prettily and deliberately revealed for a moment one slim ankle to Roger's eager gaze. They bade goodnight to Mrs Groat with many assurances of proper conduct, and tripped happily out to the car.

"Take care of my little girl," murmured Mrs Groat, called softly as the car whirled off into the night. Roger and Felicia smiled contentedly at each other as they drove away, both unaware that their brief idyll was to end in horror. Little did innocent, virginal Roger or shy, virginal Felicia know that their young lives were to be blighted that very night by a circumstance whose origins lay half a century before, in a series of events now known to have been masterminded by a man called Smith. Cruel architect of destiny, Smith was of course the most powerful decision-maker of the last decade of the 20th Century...

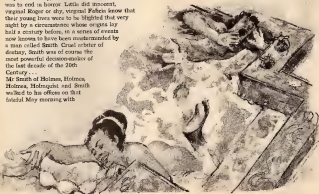
Mr Smith of Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, Holmquist and Smith walked to his office on that fateful May morning with

gloom hanging about him like fog. It clogged his steps, as if he was walking through ankle-deep marshmallow. He looked round wildly at the crowds on the sidewalks. All these people, he thought. My responsibility. What can be done? What will happen when they find out? He gazed at them—happy, well-fed, secure, correctly dressed in accordance with the mode of that particular day. Normal people. His people. Mr Smith felt hot tears springing to his eyes. He should have had his chauffeur drive him all the way to the office. But he had hoped that a brisk walk would calm him, that perhaps he might get a last-minute idea for dealing with the crisis. But his fevered brain was still running in futile circles.

He could shakedown with his bank balance and flee to some primitive place like New York. Australia might soon be a very unhealthy place for him. But no. He squared his shoulders resolutely. The country needed him now as it never had, and he would not betray such a trust.

The work was, after all, a conservation of the great Pan-Australian civilisation; his life's goal was to serve the people and if necessary he would sacrifice his life in that service.

(Continued on page 56)



# CARD TRICK

The most precious possession in the world,  
to some men, is their privacy.  
Once it has been stolen, there is absolutely  
no way to get it back./Fiction by Albert Vann

I WAS BREATHING salt water on the floor of some deep ocean, dreaming there was something wrong with the theory of evolution, for was it not really the survival of the unfit rather than the fittest — why should a fit fish leave the sea? The phone woke me.

"Speak," I said horizontally. "It's your five cents."

Yawning. A lot of my afternoons begin that way.

"You tired, chum?" asked Chester.

"Somewhat," I said. "Those Karma Sutra lessons are killing me."

He didn't laugh. Maybe he would tomorrow when he thought about it. Which meant he was working right now. Chester was dead serious about making a dollar. He was part PRO, part agent without clients, part hustler, a percentage player when there was no risk. A sort of contact man.

"Listen," he said. "I just heard your name mentioned. Questions are being asked about you, man. In higher places than you normally rate. Have you been over-reaching?"

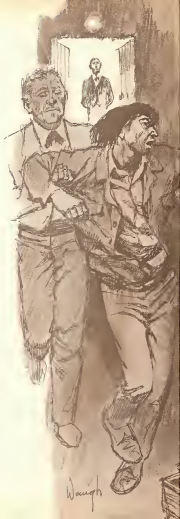
I thought about it. "No, I'm dead. I'm writing full time. Legs. As honest as the night is long. How high?"

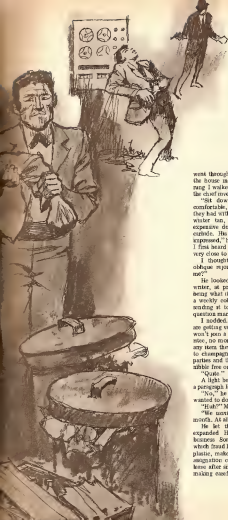
"Gibert and Hal. They don't mess about. By the end of the week they'll know more about you than you do. Past and present. Must be big money involved. Does this wake you up?"

It did. "Thanks, Chester," I said. "What do I owe you?"

"Nothing," he said. "You had one coming, now we're even. But in this, include me out. Elephants forget and cops retire — computers don't. Those punched cards that outfit uses makes me nervous. Adios, amigo."

The phone clicked. I listened awhile for a tap but the line was clean except for the starlings outside the window. I





went through the bathroom in six minutes and was out of the house in 15. Twenty-five minutes after the phone had rung I walked into the inner sanctum of Grant Mentmore, the chief investigator for Gilbert and Hall.

"Sit down," he said. I sat. The visitor's chair was comfortable, which gives you some idea what kind of eating they had with the bank. Mentmore was about 40, big with a winter tan, steelwool hair, polished enough to fly his expensive desk but altogether about as soft as tangerine outside. His outer staff had passed on my name. "I'm impressed," he said, deep voice. "It's less than an hour since I first heard about you and in you trot. Your ear must be very close to the ground."

I thought of three cracks, two withicians and one oblique rejoinder. What I said was, "Why are you after me?"

He looked at a piece of paper, "You are described as a writer, at present working on a book. The cost of living being what it is, I'm informed you've been putting together a weekly column of gongs-on called MALE SINGLE and sending it to all the newspapers." He didn't end with a question mark but looked up in query. And waited.

I nodded. "They haven't been printed though. Editors are getting very uptight about free-lancers and scribes who won't join a union or punch a clock. So I added a note. All nice, no money then. But the regular columnists could use any item they liked, in return sending me spare invitations to champagne breakfasts, wine tasting, art shows, cocktail parties and the like, of which they get plenty, so's I could nibble free once in a while."

"Quite."

A light began to show. "You mean somebody didn't like a paragraph I wrote and is having me investigated?"

"No," he said. "We want you to do exactly what you wanted to do."

"Hah?" Maybe I boggled a bit.

"We want you to free-load. Two meals a day. For a month. At all the best places. At our expense."

He let the shock of wish-fulfillment sink in, then expanded. His firm had a client in the credit-doling-out business. Somewhere there was a large illegal drum down which fraud losses were pouring. I would be given a piece of plastic, make the sounds of the expense sheet brought and magnifying glass, ordering like a mad submariner on shore here after six months under the sea. Playing the sacker but making careful note of costs so that the office inspectors

could backcheck the billed returns — ROC (record of charges). They had reasons not to use their own men or professional private investigators. My face was seen often late about town, the free-lancing syndrome was authentic for me, so maybe the villains would think the plane was hot and cut themselves an extra large slice of credit-card pie, or something, etc. How about it? Would I play this game?

I thought about it, then stood up. "No," I said.  
"Would you mind telling me why not?" asked Montmore "For the record."

"For the record is the reason." I pointed to the piece of paper on his desk. "Soon that will grow into a file, then a stack of reports including a dossier on me later to be condemned on peach-card for all to see for evermore." Chester was right. "The man who is anonymous has the most freedom." Even if not foolproof.

He tried the obvious bait that gets the fish to open its mouth. "You have to eat. Why not get somebody else to pick up the tab? After all it was basically your own idea." He saw I wasn't being hooked. "Anyway, what is freedom?"

"Freedom," I said, "is hard to define. But you know exactly what it is when you've lost it."

Montmore stood up. He crumpled the piece of paper in his big hands and tossed the ball at the wastepaper basket. It was only a gesture, he could get it out afterwards or there might be a dozen more copies, but it was a good gesture. He walked me to the door. There was noise on this TV set about blackmail or pressure, he was polite and courteous.

"As you go on your own free way," he said, "for to the ground, getting copy for your column, if you do hear anything about this matter I would appreciate the information. It would just be between us. No record. You could stay as anonymous as the phone book and a by-line lets you be." He gave me one of his personal cards, one of his big hands, and opened the door with the other.

It was all very friendly and I split wondering if I really should get my head examined, as so many had suggested.

When I got back the mail which used to be ready on the breakfast table was just being delivered, mid-afternoon. There was a large envelope addressed to me. Inside, a smaller envelope of better quality, blank, containing a gold-edged engraved card. It was an invitation to a dinner, that night at eight, The Clubhouse Hotel. The invited name was an undecipherable ink scrawl. Apparently my column play had paid off. Sender another of the tribe anon.

I wrote some scribbles about seven, then stashed a little. Walked along the river and up the hill in penguin air straight from the Antarctic.

The hooded maxi-coated doorman at the Clubhouse Hotel saluted at my hair, my clothes, and at me, but the card was genuine. He let me open the door to enter. Warmth, soft lights, gentle music and the smell of folding money was a soothing cocoon.

It was a gathering of writers and authors not of my league. Textbook makers, businessmen, biographers, short hair and white collar types. I knew a couple of faces by sight, but no buddy-buddies with the fish set. I mingled in an anteroom, got a small weak sherry and a biscuit which did nothing for my belt on the last hole.

Then we all trooped into the dining room. Set , and the speeches began. Protests against leading liberalism and duplicating machines. I wasn't interested and tuned them out by a personal conversation with my neighboring girl.

Finally, there was a settle of plates and trolleys with white-coated jockeys. A hand came round one side to put a bowl of steaming soup in front of me. I reached for a spoon and another hand came round the other side and took the soup away.

It was a good trick. I giggled a bit and started to turn to confront the joker. "Hey you," boomed a non-joking voice in my ear. Spoon-poised, bend of sustenance, I watched the soup trolley meander into the distance. My neighbors stopped merely.

The head waiter was standing rigid-backed behind my seat with his red velvet menu held like a shield of honor. He waggled an imperious finger at my ruffled head. I pushed the chair back and stood up, wondering what the hell was going on. He retreated into the shadows and I followed. "You ain't number seven," he hissed at me, using the finger on a last clipped to the wrist.

I laughed at the comical officiousness. He didn't like that. He had a smooth white face of the kind that can change from a heat-baking smirk to a cold-blooded fury at the drop of a tip. Now it was showing one thing to the public while the thin mouth was saying something else. To me.

"I ain't having no fingers at my table," it spat.  
"Look," I said, "I'm a writer—"

"Then you don't want a scene in front of the others, do you?" he said, and the finger went into action again. Twice.

Two young waiters grabbed me by the arms. I was furred along a passage towards the kitchen. "Get his hat and coat," ordered the chef.

I tried mauling. It was no use. They wanted a cloakroom ticket. "I don't have a hat and coat," I said to the maulers.

"You wouldn't," said the head contemptuously. "Now out!"

In no time at all I was marched down steps and out of a door. They sent me reeling across trash cans in a dirty alley. The door slammed. An icy gale blew from the sea. I was out in the cold again.

It rinkled. Got under my formerly furry thick skin. Took root and became an annoying itch. We all joke about being thrown out of a place, what we usually mean is being asked to leave. I'd been ejected, forcibly. That was really being tossed out. Plus the loss of a \$10 meal. The sorriest croup deep and grew like a cancer. It interfered with the writing. I'd type a sentence, then my mind would slide away from the subject like a gossamer pag back to the hurt. So I'd get up and walk round in circles telling myself I couldn't afford a bruised ego, that I'd asked for it by self applying a tag of free-loader. It didn't help. So, for the sake of my writing, something had to be done to wipe the grievance. I called Chester.

"Hi!" he said. "That was hah-ha about the Karma Sutra lessons. I was in bed trying a new thing when I remembered and started to laugh at an awkward time. There was almost more rupture than rupture. Where! How went the Gilbert and Hall beef?" He heaved me groan. "What's that for?"

"Anything that reminds me of food wounds me deeply," I said. "I saw Montmore there high eye, we got together and jived. Now another matter, I'd like to find out what's known about the head waiter of the Tropicana Room, Clubhouse Hotel."

"Will ask," he said, signing off.

Chester came back on the air the next day. "That napoleon nipoleon of whom you spoke is called Wallace, or used to be. In some studies he was highly regarded as a more than average con man. Seems he got married, saw the light and the error of his ways and is now a respectable square dude. Is this what you wanted?"

"It'll do," I said. "Thanks, Chester, I owe you one."  
"I'll chalk it up," he said. "Send me a copy of the book."

(Continued on page 56)

CINDY





# CINDY

Cindy Barnett is an outdoors girl at heart. There's nothing she likes better than to prance round a deserted field, hair flowing in the wind. A solicitor's clerk, Cindy only has weekends to be free with the birds, the breeze and the flowers. "After five days in a stuffy office, the countryside is the only place where I can relax," Cindy told cameraman Jay Arnold.





CINDY



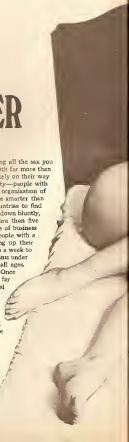




DURING the frigid Middle Ages physicians advised their patients that "once a day is bad, once a week is good and once a month is very good." Fortunately, these days doctors have far more realistic attitudes to the delights of lovemaking. It's healthy and it's fun. But now MAN's Paul Brock has discovered . . .

# SEX BOOSTS YOUR BRAINPOWER

SEX, INTELLIGENCE and success are inseparable. □ If you are getting all the sex you can handle you are almost certain to be a confident, virile, happy man, with far more than average intelligence. You belong to the fortunate majority who are definitely on their way UP in the world. □ Who says so? □ Other members of the above minority—people with far more intelligence than the average. □ MENSA is an international organisation of bright, happy, and healthy eggheads whose major claim is that they are smarter than 99 per cent of the rest of us. It held a survey of its members in five countries to find out how their sex lives affected their brainpower and happiness. □ Boiled down bluntly, the conclusion was reached that "men who have sexual intercourse more than five times a week are supremely intelligent. They stand a much better chance of business success than their slower-sex brothers." □ More MENSA conclusions: People with a base IQ of 120 to 130 can add 15 points to their brainpower by stepping up their sex lives by 10 per cent. □ Increasing sexual intercourse from four times a week to once a day can raise intelligence levels up to 150—which is borderline genius under accepted testing methods. □ Regular and frequent sex is beneficial at all ages. It relieves tensions and frustrations that otherwise cloud clear thinking. Once those frustrations are removed, the human brain is free to operate at far higher levels of efficiency. □ The sex act is a highly-charged natural experience. It exercises and improves male physical stamina and glandular functions. During the act the male sex glands pour out adrenalin and hormones, and the motor centre of the brain operates at the peak level of output. □ This high level becomes a normal operating level during a man's entire period of consciousness if he has a regular and frequent sex life. □ MENSA says young men specially should concentrate on maintaining really active sex lives if they wish to reach their personal peak of efficiency both at work and play. University students cramming for examinations should not only sit down with a pile of books—they should lie down frequently with a subtle and experienced playmate. □ The MENSA findings tend to be pretty startling when we consider that until comparatively recently most books on sex and health were cautiously advising men to have only moderate sexual contact with women, if they wished to maintain physical and mental vigor. This advice was especially to be applied between the ages of 16 and 30.





It was nonsense. We know now that in sex, as in every other aspect of human endeavor, there are giants as well as pygmies. The moment we ask "How many times a week should a man indulge in sex?" we find that no one answer can be given for all men.

Sexually, man does not live and act according to an established rule. One complete sex act every day may be too much for some men, too little for others. Few things are more variable than sex drive and ability in different individuals.

Hairy gins in some astonishing examples of the truth of this. The Emperor Charles V was a prolific lover. A Venetian ambassador deduced in a secret letter to his government in 1548, "According to reports compiled by his physicians, and as other people very near to him reveal, he is very inclined by nature to sexual pleasure, servicing as many as six women in one morning before rising from his bed."

The emperor was then 48 years old!

Charles was no match for the Czech Hantite leader, Procopius the Great. He violated 10 virgins every night, whether mixing in his castle or conquering on the battlefield.

More modern examples, cited by noted sexologists, include a farmer of the Department de l'Ain, France, who was sentenced to five years in jail because of violence committed against a 60-year-old woman. During the court proceedings it was revealed that the accused, aged 40, had engaged in forcible sexual intercourse twice to five times every day with the woman for a period of over 20 years.

Swiss social workers, reporting on prostitution in Zurich, told a panel of judges several regular fellows were notorious for their fantastic sexual performance. These magnificent studs apparently thought nothing of indulging in intercourse to full completion 15 to 25 times with the same prostitute every week on their "night off". They were all married and had several children each.

In Manchester, England, a young bookkeeper locked himself in a room with a girl, treated himself to strong wines and exotic foods, and tried to commit suicide by means of excessive intercourse.

After four days he lost consciousness, but did not die.

An Italian artist made love regularly six times a day, even when he reached the age of 60. One of his models reported 14 sexual relationships to orgasm with him during a single night.

Obviously some of these staggering feats are exaggerated, but it has been demonstrated scientifically that some unusual individuals find it possible to indulge in sexual intercourse a great many times a day and seem to be none the worse for it. In fact, as the MENSA survey implies, it seems to be of great benefit to them physically and mentally.

One woman, after being treated for frigidity, told a medical journal her husband, in the first honeymoon week, had had sexual intercourse with her 78 times.

Her husband, she reported, attributed his sexual prowess to the fact that in the two months before the wedding he had observed complete sexual abstinence. Aged 38, he was a heavy beer-drinker and also liked to splash his meals with red sauces and so-called aphrodisiac foods.

Meanwhile the newspapers of Naples reported a rare and eyebrow-raising incident. A young couple, just married, were taken to hospital. The young man 23, his wife 18. She was suffering from severe shock. He was "in a state of exceptional sexual excitement". His wife reported he had possessed her continuously for two days and two nights!

Even when he had been put to bed several floors away from his wife, the young man remained sexually excited

Only after four days of treatment with powerful sedatives was he reduced to a normal condition.

One newspaper published a humorous daily bulletin about "The Fireball Honeymoon", as it had been labelled. The young man confessed that until his marriage he had indulged in sexual relations very rarely because he was so poor financially.

He attributed his tremendous physical excitement to the abstinence which, he said, had "wound me up".

In contrast to these two cases, medical literature is replete with those of married men between the ages of 30 and 50 who never have more than one sexual relationship a month. They are not troubled by this, even when they are very strong, virile and in very good health.

Such individual differences, obviously, make it difficult to apply the MENSA formula for "more than five times a week". Nor can any exact rules be established, such as the ones laid down in the Middle Ages. At that time physicians prescribed sex frequency as, "Once a day, but, once a week good, and once a month very good".

Almost at the same time, it might be added, the eager Queen of Aragon, by royal decree, assigned sex sexual conjurations a day, and no less, as the normal duty of a husband to his wife.

The waning of virility and fatherhood likewise does not have established periods. Here to there are great extremes. While some people, by the time they reach 40, have lost all their sexual ardor and ability, there are others who are still active in their 80s and 90s.

In our own time it is a proven fact that some 90-year-olds have sex regularly. This is confirmed by a long-term study of elderly couples in Durham, North Carolina, US. According to Dr Eric Pfeiffer, as high as 60 percent of the men and women in the 60- to 70-year-old group still had sexual relations twice a week. About 80 percent of these males were potent and could easily father a child with a younger woman.

Of those 78 years or older, 30 percent were still potent and active sexually. Main reason for stopping sex was the death of the spouse.

An unexpected finding in the study was the rising pattern of sexual activity through the 60s and 70s. Dr Pfeiffer said that when sexual intercourse does stop between a married couple it is usually because the female has lost interest. Most men continue, if they can, into their 90s, and in rare cases well beyond.

Such studies support the MENSA findings and make a mockery of the old dictum that colitas and lots of it "weakens" a man. This fallacy is seen to be even more nonsensical by the fact that some of our most famous boxing champions have been known to indulge in colitas deliberately just before an important fight. The reason? It's relaxing. It takes away nervous tension and refreshes the brain.

Golf champions indulge in it for the same reason. Complete relaxation and lack of tension is highly desirable in championship golf, and sexual intercourse not too long before play proves very effective.


Obviously the achievement of at least five heterosexual couplings through to climax every week can prove difficult for men who aren't married. Doctors point out, however, that for the purpose stated — expansion of intelligence and a more satisfactory business and social life — other forms of sex relief, such as masturbation, are just as effective. These days the ridiculous stigma attached to self-sex and the dire consequences alleged to follow it have been thrown out.

Five times a week with the sex partner of one's choice may be among a man's ambitions, but lack of man-woman activity opportunities should not be allowed to stand in his way.



*"Counterfeit? I've been raped."*





YOU MIGHT IMAGINE HE HAD NOTHING,  
BUT NOTHING, GOING FOR HIM.  
BUT YOU'D BE WRONG. HE HAD ARROGANCE,  
AND PERSISTENCE, AND WEALTH  
AND AN UNMATCHABLE GRASP OF THE TECHNIQUES  
OF SEDUCTION.  
NOT TO MENTION

## THE BIG RED BED

FICTION BY RON SMITH

"LET ME GET that book for you," I said casually. I'd spotted her stretching to reach a large 10 lb tome from the top shelf of the stacks. She could barely touch the bottom of the binding and it looked like the thing would come down on her head if she tried to pull it out. The title didn't mean anything to me, except that it was archaeology. I'm English Lit. □ She turned, fingertips still touching the bottom of the book, both small pointed breasts pressed against shelf five—which was, as I recall, Anthropology. At five foot four she wasn't that much taller than me, so I was able to look her in the eye and smile with male assurance. □ I put my foot on shelf two, pulled myself up and yanked the book away from her scratching fingers. Ten pounds had been a conservative estimate. It made quite a loud bang when it hit the ground two inches from Cheryl Gluckenheim's foot. □ "Gee, I'm sorry," I said. □ I hopped down and picked up the book with both hands and passed it to her. She hadn't said anything. Why don't you say something? I thought, looking her straight in the eye again. Hell, you're not as attractive as all that. Though she did have long auburn hair, rich and silky, about three feet long and very straight, which reminded me of my mother. □ "Thanks very much," she said finally. Surely her voice wasn't always that cool. □ Holding the book cradled in front

of her now, like a baby, she was giving me an objective appraisal. The impulse to move away was already half way down her spinal column. I could tell she wasn't particularly interested in me, but I expect that reaction from women. I don't let it worry me. □ "I'd like to take you out," I said. "What do you say to the best meal you've had all week and some drinks afterward?" □ "How do you know what I've had to eat this week?" Her manner was haughty and superior, and she was prepared to put me down with that assurance a girl can have only if she thinks she doesn't give a damn. She didn't realize she was already on the defensive. □ "Easy," I said. "You're too skinny to have eaten much recently and that sloppy dress indicates you don't have enough money to feed yourself properly anyway and if you



*"I'm willing to work in any position, provided it's vertical."*



have a boy friend he hasn't any money either."

Without thinking about it, she glanced down at her dress.

"You made that dress yourself," I said. "And you look hungry. What do you say?"

Her laughter had slipped and she instinctively pulled it back into place, eyes bright, expression determined. Getting angry is the easiest defense there is and everybody uses it. When you don't know the right thing to say you get angry to maintain the consistency of your self-image.

(You probably think I got that from some psychologist, but I didn't. I make it a point to work things out for myself. If they knew, psychologists would come to me.)

"You're angry," I said. "But you'll get over it. What about tonight? Eight o'clock."

"Do you really think I'd consider going out with you?"

"Yes," I said. "Why not?"

She glared at me with those hostile, grey, glittering eyes and said, "I wouldn't waste my time."

I like those eyes, I thought, looking into them, and I didn't really mind her height. Most girls are taller than I am anyway. It doesn't worry me.

She walked past hurriedly, chin up and back straight, and swung herself silently down the aisle between the stacked shelves.

"You'll starve," I called after her. It did no good. She was determined to go hungry.

I followed her at a discreet distance. Books and papers were spread around her table as chimney. She was using enough space for two people, maybe three, if they were as neat as I am. This didn't surprise me. I expected her to be sloppy and disorganized, a clear vindication of my impression that she was self-centred and probably made use of no more than half her potential intelligence. But if you held things like that against girls, where would you be? But she was very attractive, and when you find a woman attractive you'll overlook almost anything else.

Having reconnoitered her position, I moved my books and papers over from the opposite wing of the library so I could keep an eye on her, and went back to work on my own essay. From where I was seated she was just visible beyond one of the square dapple grey pillars.

I noticed at once that she didn't work efficiently. Being highly efficient myself, I tend to be impatient with people who easily get disorganized. I knew I would be impatient with Cheryl Gluckenshain. Yet it did not disturb me that she stared into space half the time she should have spent reading — it wasn't difficult to imagine what she thought about most of the time she was day-dreaming. I hoped.

My essay went well. I'd done all my reading and I was now simply checking back through the relevant texts, taking notes and organizing the information according to the structural pattern I had conceived for the paper. It was only two o'clock. If Cheryl Gluckenshain didn't distract me too much I'd get it written by six and then could proceed with organizational plans of another type. The essay didn't have to be in for three weeks.

I kept a wary eye on Cheryl while I worked. She wandered around the library a lot and brought two more books back to her seat, but she failed to make any significant use of them.

I kept steadily at my task and finished just before 6, gathered my papers, put them in order, slipped them into my case. I had to return the books to the shelves. Carrying them across the stacks, I could see her watching me. It was impossible to tell from the corner of my eye what her reaction was, but it didn't matter. I'd be checking out her reactions soon enough. At least she knew I was still around.

There was time to go back to my flat and change. The

flat was only three blocks away from the campus. I showered, changed into a dark blue suit, an off-white shirt, black tie, brown suede shoes, blue socks. The colour was conservative, but the cut of the suit was perfect for my build and fruitfully in fashion.

I had a glass of milk, brushed my teeth and checked to make certain everything in the flat was in order. Then I strolled back to the library. Cheryl Gluckenshain, I knew, would still be working, her slim body tensed to the conflicts of mind and flesh. From morning till night, day after day, from beginning of term till the end, there would always be twice as much ahead of her as behind, there would never seem an end to it. To push a pea she would expend enough energy to throw a tiger. Well, some people simply don't want to get things done.

"Hello," I said, sitting down in the empty chair beside her.

"Oh," she moaned, looking around from the current day-dream. "What—"

"It's me," I said. "But don't hurry. Go on with your work. We have an hour yet."

"Look, do you mind? Would you just go away?"

"You haven't done much today, have you? Much work I mean."

Her frown faded a little, slightly intimidated, as she glanced down at the jumble of notes strewn in front of her. "No," she said absently. "No, I haven't." She brought her attention back to me. "And if you will—"

"Now don't blame it on me," I said. "I haven't bothered you. In fact, if you'd like to listen, I could tell you how to make much better use of your time. That is, if you actually want to improve your marks."

"And the way to do that is to have dinner with you?"

"No, but having dinner with me will help you do twice as much work tomorrow."

None of this was true, actually. You can tell a person how to improve their working habits, but what you tell them they could figure out for themselves if they really wanted to.

"You're an idiot," she said.

"I know," I said. "Why don't you stop day-dreaming and do some work? I'd go listen to some Brahms in the record room and come back in an hour. I hope you know good food when you taste it because the cook at the place we're going to is a master. His work is a delight to the eye, a marvel to the palate and an aid to the digestion. You will feel you have never before truly known how good food could be. You'll discover new subtleties of taste, new frontiers of culinary capabilities."

"Listen," she said, exasperated. "How do you know I haven't been there before? How do you know you're going to show me anything new?"

"How does a sparrow know it's spring?"

I got up and walked down the hall towards the record room, but turned right instead of left and went out of the building. There were two rows of stone benches at right angles on either side of the glass-fronted entrance. I sat down on one of them and looked at my watch. I decided I would give her until five o'clock. I didn't believe she would try to leave before then, but I was quite happy sitting where I was. I can play Brahms in my head without missing a note.

She didn't try to leave and at the appointed time I went in and sat down beside her.

She looked at me, frowned and turned her eyes upward. It was a silly posture. She had quite a few childish traits.

"How old are you?" I asked.

She frowned at me as if that were a question she should answer by refusing to answer it, but she didn't. "Nineteen," she said.

(Continued on page 94)



## MAN'S GIRL OF THE MONTH CECILE

Cecile was sad. She'd had an argument with her boyfriend and in a fit of pique decided to take a holiday. She found an old Spanish-style villa on a quiet island, although then she was lonely. But all was not lost. One weekend our wandering photographer spotted Cecile after her morning swim. And would you believe Cecile has made a miraculous recovery?









CECILE



Even profit and loss in hippieland is unorthodox, as Hal Townsend discovers when he takes a trip back 400 years and visits . . .

# Ye Olde Hippie Faire

A FRANCISCAN MONK walks down a wooded path, a huge Saint Bernard walks by his side. A serving wench runs squealing from a clump of bushes, her peasant blouse down around her waist, her ample breasts flashing white in the bright sun. A small makeshift shack, its front open to reveal two babes, three dogs, a goat and a parrot in a cage, has a sign which reads, "Ye Olde English Tavern". Inside, the aroma of honey mead is unmistakable.

None Olde England is the time of Chaucer? No, North America in 1971. The age of the Flower Children has ended. In its place comes the 20th century renaissance. The North American hippie movement has turned into big business.

The public is fascinated by these bearded men and half-naked girls. The smell of freedom hangs heavy in the nostrils of those who must work from nine to five each day. They see these wild men and women as rebels, and despise them because they dare to be different! Yet they turn out in droves to watch and gape at the hippie cultism go through its paces in the many commercial ventures to gain widespread acceptance — the day of the hippie counter-culture is upon us.

The Franciscan monk, the serving wench and the English Tavern were just a few of the sights on display at a recent Canadian Pleasure Faire. The pleasure fair is a copy of the old 16th century market place. The vague started in San Francisco and soon spread to other Californian centres, into Canada and England.

In San Francisco, the first fair was called Renaissance '71. Handicraft booths were set up along the lines of old English shops and the owners dressed in period costumes. There was even a queen who dressed like Elizabeth I and wandered majestically around the grounds. However, unlike the Elizabeth of old, the 1971 Elizabeth handed out her bodily favors a little more indiscreetly.

**ABOVE:** The Faire didn't have running water or sanitary facilities, but nobody noticed that with the ocean at the doorstep. While suitors strolled down lecherous paths, hippies used the sea as a tub and the sandy beach as a bed.

**RIGHT:** At the Strawberry Mountains rock festival in Vancouver many hippies shed their clothes and wallowed round the grounds or went swimming in the bay.





## Ye Olde Hippie Faire

In Canada recently, 50,000 people visited a three-day pleasure fair in a park which boasts narrow shaded paths and tall trees. Along these trails, hippie craftsmen set up booths to display their wares. Some goods for sale were quite commonplace while others were anything but. One proprietor sold handcrafted leather goods, his neighbor sold the art of love.

The entrance to the "Group Grope Session" booth was a four-foot-high arbor with a scroll-like sign placed on a pole to one side. It told patrons that inside they could learn to lose their "sexual inhibitions". It started in writing that the only way for a man, or a woman, to become adept at the art of love was practice and an honest appraisal of one's technique. Inside were the ways and means to learn to become a better lover.

After walking about 25 feet down a newly cut path overhung with willows, I came to a circle of cleared space covered with a soft layer of fresh hay. Lying there was the most casual hippie chick I have ever seen. She was on her back, spreadeagled, and a young man of about 24 was kneeling in front of her. She was completely nude.

There was never any actual sexual intercourse in the Group Grope Session. For the small price of \$1 a guy could fondle a hippie female, or a girl could learn the proper way to caress a man.

The park where the fair was held had few open spaces, so sex became quite common. Numerous hippie girls walked the pathways openly inviting males to suggest

*Hippies staged a free puppet show at the Faire*



something. They would stop and talk, then drift quietly off into the bushes. Sounds of lovemaking could be heard in densely-wooded areas of the park. The sounds of sex play and the smell of marijuana were everywhere. The only different thing that most straights saw was half-naked hippie girls walking from one booth to the next.

To gain a degree of modesty, most hippie girls wore a thin covering over their naked breasts, but this failed to hide much. When the fair closed at 10 pm, the hippies shed their clothes and wandered openly through the park smoking marijuana and making love with friends.

The park did not have running water nor sanitary facilities. This didn't bother the hippies. The ocean was right next door. While visitors to the fair strolled down forest paths, about 50 or 60 hippies unashamedly used the

ocean as a bathtub and the sand as their beds.

Great changes have taken place in North American society during the last 10 years. Sex, nudity and drugs are now commonplace. Hippie fashions in North America, once spawned by "Mr. Average", are now attended by an equal number of "straight" sightseers. When word of a rock festival is let loose you can be sure it will be well attended. In the early 60s it was difficult for professional promoters to sell tickets to a first-rate stage show featuring top

*Love is everything—or so the hippies claim. They wear protest buttons and paint slogans on their clothes—"Make Love Not War", "I'm Available", "Support Nudity" are a few. This young girl doesn't seem to practise what she preaches . . . although the T-shirt is almost transparent.*





*"Like hell I'll go to bed and let you clean up the mess!"*

## Ye Olde Hippie Faire

Hollywood entertainment. Now, the majority don't care who the hands are — they just want to be part of the action.

There are many types of hippies. There is the sincere dropout who became disillusioned with the world and society around him. He believes the world is a rotten place and wants nothing to do with it.

Then there is the pseudo-hippie. He (or she) only goes into hippiedom for the sex, the excitement, "the thrills", and to get away from authority. He doesn't necessarily believe in peace or the hippie philosophy, but does believe in free sex, having fun, and rebellion.

There is another kind of hippie. This is the violent, insecure, dishonest hippie. A prime motivation for joining the hippie cult is to sell drugs, both hard and soft, and to recruit girls for prostitution.

There is no doubt that many hippies are sincere. Many who live in the "straight" world secretly envy life of true hippies. They wish they weren't afraid to "drop out" and "turn on", but they are afraid of losing their prestige and position in society.

Some "weekend hippies" find ways to turn on without losing their middle-class prestige. Thousands put on scruffy, unkempt hippie wigs on Friday night, enter the scene, then take off the wig and dress respectably on Sunday night, and return to their brokerage, bank, office, or other establishment jobs on Monday morning.

Australian, North American and English suburbs are filled with secret "swingers." Many sympathize with the hippie scene for the future of the world.

Once people become a part of the hippie environment, new influences begin making themselves felt. Hippies told me they ran away from home, began taking LSD once or twice a week and didn't really know, or care, from when their next meal was coming.

Hippy? Oh, they might seem to be enjoying it for a while, until the novelty wears off. But after a certain length of time, with nothing to do but sleep in a dirty bed with several others, roam the streets all day, or "make love" under a tree in the park, sooner or later the appeal begins to wear off. The wonderful world of hippiedom turns out to be even more bleak and dreary than the outside, straight world.

Hippies tend to be young people. Most are well-educated teenagers. They tend to be from the middle class, although many come from the lower and upper classes as well. They tend to be against war, nuclear weapons, violence, against the organization man, mass society, the computer, the rat race, and competition in business.

What are they for? According to hippie thought, they are for universal peace, individual freedom, meditation, doing what comes naturally, having fun. In other words, "each one doing his own thing."

The experts say 70 percent of hippies are school dropouts and 40 percent come from broken homes. Psychiatrists say the flower children are full of fears — fear of war, fear of life, fear of responsibility, fear of rejection. They are mostly losers and losers with an unhappy past. However, there is still the element of well-balanced, good background people joining the hippie ranks, and these are growing every day. Some are a product of a younger generation which cannot agree, fit in, or function with the older generation.

During the 60s behavior radically altered. This showed itself most dramatically in the children of the decade, those who were in their teens at its inception and came of age toward its close. The magnatism of the avant-garde is affecting the majority. The new life-styles are not bred of

disillusionment; rather, they reflect outright rejection and the will to totally restructure society.

Today's youth has its own looks, its own moxie, its own music. The past generation cannot begin to understand it. Further, the young people find themselves with a power which their age group never had before; the power of numbers. They think alike and they stick together.

What other modern age allowed young people to openly break the law by running through the streets naked, fornicating in public and the taking of drugs? Suddenly, hippies are not a sub-culture but a counter culture. Beyond finding new ways to do old things, they find new things to do. They let their hair grow and dress in "strange" clothes — or no clothes at all. They turn their backs on just-hidden sex couplings in favor of sexual honesty and freedom.

There is a large group who protest out present values because they secretly seek an imposed world. They call not for destruction, but for their country's "redemption." The new generation seems hypocritical. They are fired in many ways from the demands put on their parents. They insist that the promise of Australia as a nation be fulfilled for all citizens — less worry about the gross national product and more about the quality of our society.

The US, founded by Puritans, looks with a blind eye on live sexual performances on nightclub stages, bottomless dancers, real sex intercourse in movies that show in residential areas. Everyday housewives are staring in "beaver pictures", what we know as hard core "blue" movies. The strange thing is, most of these performers don't seem to be in the business for the money. Most female "stars" are paid only \$30 to perform in a sex movie. Most males are paid even less.

According to a US publication, one performer lives in San Francisco and has stored in so many pornographic films that he is now recognized by patrons and is often stopped in the street by admirers. He started in the business when he was a hippie living in the Haight Ashbury district. He answered an advertisement in an underground newspaper. He arrived at the audition, was accepted when he promised to cut his hair, and was introduced to his movie making sex partner.

The director suggested the two of them go into a bedroom to get acquainted. The girl asked him if this was his first time "under lights" and when he admitted that it was she suggested she help him through it. She undressed, then helped to undress him. They then began to make love. All of a sudden he was aware of bright lights being switched on. A light meter was pointed in the general direction of his sex organs and someone shouted, "Give us an F stop of 5.6 and roll 'em!" The new sex star didn't miss a beat for 400 feet of loosed movie film.

As he was leaving the studio he met his sex partner walking arm in arm with another man. She called him over and introduced him to her husband.

Both performers, and the girl's husband, had spent their time in a hippie society. The husband said he didn't mind his wife performing in front of the camera, as long as nothing "heavy" developed as a result of it. The wife admitted that she enjoyed the sex act in front of the camera, as long as she didn't do too much of it in one day.

Statistics show that regular customers for sex movies in the US are in the age bracket of 40 to 60 years old. The average age of today's sex movie maker is 25 years old. It seems ironic that the younger generation is making the movies for the generation that complains the loudest about hippies and their freedom.



# THE BOUNTY HUNTER

Five years ago  
Freidrich Huynen  
was a police officer.  
Then he discovered  
there was more money to be  
earned as a bounty hunter.  
Applying his knowledge  
of Europe's underworld,  
he solved crimes  
where good rewards  
were offered. Within a year  
he was earning \$5000 a month.  
But now his career  
seems to be in doubt.  
Angry criminals  
are on his trail.  
By Adrian Breckelmans.

*Huynen probably has one of the world's most  
dangerous jobs: he is a bounty and reward hunter.  
In this picture he is still hobnobbing with a host that  
attacked when a gang of criminals drove a car at him.*

THE POLICE AT LILLE in Northern France did not have a clue after a \$53,500 jewel robbery in January 1966. Thieves broke into the home of a French count while the household slept and worked so silently that not even the count's two dogs woke.

It was a perfectly planned, perfectly executed crime. No fingerprints or any other clues were left. After 10 days the police admitted that they were no nearer solving the crime and arresting the criminals than they had been on the day after the crime.

The count's insurance company offered a 10 percent reward. An advertisement said it would be paid for "information leading to the arrest and conviction of the criminals", but it said nothing about the return of the jewels.

In a neat three bedroomed villa in one of the most expensive suburbs of the city of Randbaven in Holland, a then 30-year-old man, Friedrich Wilhelm Hayzen, studied newspaper reports of the crime. He wrote to the count's insurers to ask them to confirm the offer, which they promptly did, again insisting to state that the return of the jewels formed part of the contract to earn the 10 percent reward — \$5350.

Hayzen, a Belgian-born Dutch citizen with a German father and Dutch mother, contacted the Lille police and asked them if he could be supplied with all the details of the robbery. He mentioned in his letter that he was a former Dutch policeman and now a private detective who hunted down criminals when rewards were offered.

He was supplied with all the data and after studying it overnight Hayzen decided that he knew who was behind the crime.

Hayzen set out for Brussels, Belgium, and made his way to underworld contacts.

Though fully aware that if anybody in the underworld discovered he was an ex-policeman his life would not be worth a cent, Hayzen began digging for information, playing the role of a Dutch criminal on the run and hiding out in the Belgian capital.

It took five days to ferret out the one man he most suspected of being the brains behind the Lille robbery. He tracked back on the movements of the man, Francois Milot, 29, and found that Milot had two accomplices, a man a woman. The woman had worked for the count in Lille for three months in 1965.

By the end of the second week Hayzen had abundant evidence that Milot and his male partner, Jean Lambin, 27, had robbed the count and that the girl, Jacqueline Youloernode, 23, had given them all the details they needed to succeed.

Hayzen went to Lille and handed his information to the insurance company and a carbon copy to the police. The same day Milot, Lambin and the girl were arrested in Brussels. The girl broke down and confessed. The two were tried, convicted and sent to prison.

But when the time came for the insurance company to pay out it refused, on the grounds that none of the stolen jewellery had been recovered.

Hayzen rightly pointed out that this did not form part of the contract and used the insurance company



Lenky Jozse Hayzen, stepdaughter of the wealthy Jacques Hayzen. She has helped Hayzen net a small fortune.

The judge gave a swift and decisive answer. The insurance company had said nothing about the return of the jewels in the contract. Hayzen had fulfilled his part, giving information leading to the arrest and conviction of the criminals. He was entitled to his \$5350 reward. He got it a few days later, the first money Hayzen earned as a bounty and reward hunter.

"I have been called a Judas and police snitch and my life has been threatened a few times," Hayzen told me. "But I do not regard my work as being either that of a Judas or a police informer. To be a Judas one must be a friend of the person one betrays and to be a police informer one must be pretty low and get on with gangs and tell the police in return either for a few fivers or for a few pennies."

"I am a strictly professional manhunter. I have few friends, none in the underworld. I get information and I get paid well for it."

Hayzen has been living in Holland for 29 years. But he is equally at home in Belgium, France, and to some extent in Germany.

He joined the Dutch police force when he was 18 and had reached a rank equivalent to detective sergeant in the suspect squad when he was 28. His duty was mainly keeping track of suspects and finding wanted criminals and so he built up a first-class dossier on Europe's criminals. His memory for faces and facts is incredible.

## THE BOUNTY HUNTER

"Every criminal — that is, every professional criminal — leaves his trade mark on the scene of the crime," Huyzen told me. "The clewener he is the more likely he is to leave behind some telltale sign which, to a good detective, is as good as a fingerprint."

"Men get into habits and they are dangerous for a crook. The good police officer assigned to solve a crime looks for a sign that might indicate to him who was the criminal. If the police officer has a good memory it helps so much more."

While on the force, Huyzen solved several cases by the simple application of his belief that every criminal leaves some sign behind. One burglar had a habit of having a meal in homes where he broke in, but he invariably finished it off with cheese and bread. But he liked only one brand of cheese. On this alone Huyzen traced the man through underworld contacts and had him caught.

By 1925 he had solved three major robbery cases, including the one of a museum in Paris, although he was stationed in Holland. French information supplied to the Dutch police by Interpol at his request, he deduced who the criminals were, passed on his deductions to the Surete. He held some time later that the gang he had named had been arrested, tried and convicted.

The museum's offer of a reward remained uncollected because as a policeman he was not entitled to any reward.

Huyzen later married a 38-year-old widow with three children, two boys aged 12 and 15, and a girl aged 18. They decided he could make a much better living as a musician on his own than as a member of the police force. He resigned his post.

"I was not in the business for my health," Huyzen told me. "I was strictly professional and quite frankly only in it for the money. If an insurance company offered a reward for the arrest and conviction of certain criminals I contacted them and made an agreement."

Between the end of 1925 and the beginning of this year Huyzen handled nine major bank robberies in Belgium, France, Holland, and Germany. He was soon earning fees from \$1000 up to about \$5000 a month.

He trained his wife to help him in his business. He took his stepdaughter, Jenny, in hand and trained her how to mingle with the underworld in skazy cafes, discotheques, poolrooms, and other places where crooks hang out, and how to get information without seeming to do so.

His wife, Kathleen, niece of a former Bishop of Den Bosch in Holland, took to the work like a duck to water and his stepdaughter Jenny proved to be an apt and able pupil. Careless and attractive Jenny had her first chance at cracking a crime when two gangsters robbed a small bank in Rotterdam. Their take was small, only \$9500, but the bank had been robbed three times in two months. It offered a \$5000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the criminals whether the money was recovered or not.

Huyzen went to Rotterdam and fished around. He refused to reveal how he gets his information, saying it is a professional secret. But he came home and told Jenny to "hunt" a local saloon bar and discotheque known as the Cafe Molten Rouge, and to find and make friends with a man named Hans Verwey, a convicted burglar and thief. How Huyzen came to focus his attention on Verwey remains a mystery, but Jenny met the handsome 33-year-old Verwey and played up to him.

Verwey was easy but three or four nights later he stopped up when he gave Jenny a large hankie to buy him some cigarettes. She was ready for the occasion and

according to instructions switched the hankie for one of a similar description which she had ready in her purse. Back home she handed the hankie to Verwey as Huyzen. He checked it against a list given to him by the bank.

When the bank opened the next morning he presented the manager with the hankie and the names of the two gangsters involved in the robbery.

The bank passed the information on to the police. Verwey and an accomplice were arrested and later the younger of the two criminals confessed.

It is not always easy for Huyzen to find a crook, no matter how intimate his knowledge of the European underworld or how retentive his memory.

When the Van Abbe museum was robbed in Holland and objects d'art and a large valuable gold coin collection were stolen the police were as puzzled as Huyzen by the lack of clues. Neither they nor Huyzen could get a lead.

Huyzen and his wife set out for Paris and let it be known he was an American millionaire searching for certain types of objects d'art and gold coins and that he was paying high prices with no questions asked as to the origin of the articles.

From his own experience Huyzen knew that if the articles were still on the market someone would contact him.

He was right. One night the telephone rang in his hotel and a man speaking poor English asked if Huyzen, who used the name K. Philip Benkmann, was interested in certain articles. A meeting was arranged in a park where the underworld go-between showed Huyzen gold coins and objects d'art. Huyzen knew immediately they came from the Abbe museum. He said he was interested and arranged to meet again the next day when he would have the money.

Huyzen returned to his hotel to telephone the museum with which he had an agreement that if he found the criminals he would be paid \$5000 plus 10 percent of the value of all articles recovered. His stepdaughter, who had come to Paris under another name and pretended not to know Huyzen and her mother followed the go-between.

The museum passed the information to the Dutch police who contacted Interpol. The next day Huyzen kept the rendezvous with the go-between. Moments later police swarmed on them. Others raided the house where Jenny had followed the go-between.

More than three quarters of the stolen articles were recovered. Two men and two women were arrested, one woman and both men were convicted. Huyzen collected a handsome reward on his return to Holland.

"I do not speculate but consider each job as it comes along," Huyzen said. "Some people regard me as a sort of super private eye, others think I am a slinker because I turn in criminals. Quite frankly, I don't care what people think or say. I am not interested."

Last November Huyzen took a different type of case. A burglar broke into a house in Wuppertal, West Germany. After slinking a few articles he discovered the 15-year-old daughter of the family asleep alone in her bedroom. He raped the girl. When she began screaming he tried to silence her but succeeded only in strangling her.

The police had made no headway and had no clues when the father, a rich taxidermist, asked Huyzen to try to find his daughter's killer. The German was willing to pay about \$25,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of his daughter's murderer.

(Continued on page 66)



CAROL





# CAROL

If you're an authority on sports cars and drive a Ferrari, Carol Baughman couldn't care less. She has hay fever. A wheeled vehicle means a horse-van to Carol. In her world a groom may become involved in a bride ceremony every hour and still remain a bachelor. Carol studies her men in terms of handicapping weight. She never dates a fellow under 12-hands high, not including his own calculation.





# THE FRAGRANT MALE

IN 10 YEARS, you will rub a masculine face cream into your skin before you take your bird to bed. While you sleep, the cream will condition your skin and soften your beard. In the morning you'll use an aerosol can of hot shaving foam for a comfortable shave. □ In the shower you'll use a body shampoo, followed by a body rub. When you comb your hair, if you're in your late 30s by then, you'll probably add hair coloring to ward off greyness. □ Working under pressure in the hectic 1990s? You'll use a bronze gel to simulate a healthy tan. If your nails have a tendency to chip you'll use a clear nail polish. And, very probably, you'll use special drops to clear the whites of your eyes and keep them sparkling. □ Don't laugh—these are some of the forecasts by Geoff Bezer, an executive with Cobb and Co., a leading Australian men's toiletries manufacturer. And he's not alone in his predictions. □ Leonard Lauder, of Estée Lauder, one of the United States' leading makers of cosmetics, says of tomorrow's man: "He will be tanned, slim, dark-haired, unlined and soft. But more than anything else, he is going to smell good. When his wife is ready to go to dinner, he'll still be in the bathroom." □ Last year in the U.S., sales of men's cosmetics were worth \$697,000,000. □ Incredible? Not at all. A U.S. trade journal this year listed in its index of men's products more than 100 firms making men's toiletries. These firms offer 1,440 products in the men's cosmetic range! An example of what's available is the Braggi range, whose fragrance is described as "rare, warm tone, compelling, potent, persuasive—a leading blend of citrus, musk and spices." □ The Braggi range of men's cosmetics includes: A cologne, an after-shave lotion, an icy after-shave, a pre-blade beard softener, a pre-electric shave shake—and that's not all. The treatment products include: cover tone, skin conditioning cream, nighttime facial massage, sun and sports cream, facial pick-up, facial cleansing bar, nighttime facial massage, wrinkle cream and after shave balm. □ Enough, you say? Not so. Also in the Braggi range is: shave lather, head-to-toe shower shampoo, cologne deodorant spray, cologne deodorant stick, conditioning hair tonic, aerosol hair control, bath soap, sun bronzing gel, face bronzer (tube or stick), after sun balm, after-shower body rub, cooling spray fole, private deodorant spray, cooling foot spray, super-thick conditioning shampoo, sun bronzing oil, sun block stick, hair management spray, hair and scalp conditioner, conditioning hair thickener and anti-dandruff hair dressing. □ The

**DON'T** sniff now, but London to a brick two out of the three guys closest to you at this moment are wearing a men's cosmetic. It might be talc, deodorant or an after-shave, possibly all three. The cissy image of male toiletries has long disappeared. Today's on-the-go man can't afford to be without that extra zip he gets from confidence in his cosmetic.

by J. B. King

Australian man is still well behind his American counterpart in accepting men's cosmetics, but the trend is evident.

Geoff Bezer's firm, for example, designed the Cobb and Co range expressly for the Australian market — and they've been rewarded by growing sales. Australian men, according to Geoff, began to use cosmetic grooming aids in the late fifties. That was when Old Spice after-shave found widespread acceptance. In the early 60s other companies began to move into the field, and there are now more than 35 brands on the Australian market. And sales are increasing every year.

Before Old Spice, the only men's grooming aids were strictly of the functional variety, such as hair cream. The breakthrough came when women started buying after-shave products for their men — because the girls liked the smell.

"Once a girlfriend or wife had her man into the habit of using after-shave the product sold itself," Geoff told me.

Men's cosmetics met new needs in a changing society. "As we get into a more competitive society you need something more within yourself, to get a job or in a social situation. You feel better, more confident if you use men's cosmetics."

"The comfort of talcum powder, the smell of after-shave, the feeling of cleanliness that comes with a deodorant, give you that extra zip, help you get on in your job, help you to attract the female. This is the basis of the whole concept of male toiletries along fragrance lines."

A fragrance line is a range of products sharing the same perfume. Once a man might have had a hair oil with one perfume, used a talc that had another, and possibly an after-shave with yet another fragrance.

Today's young man buys all his toiletries with the same fragrance — and in doing so establishes the personal identity needed in today's competitive world.

"The move towards the fragrance lines was basically in the under-35 group — the bachelor type with a bit more expendable income. The innovator. This sort of person influences the people around him. Other people notice his after-shave, decide to try it themselves. Slowly, this spreads out through the community."

The younger generation, of course, has led in this development. Which in turn has led to the development of the higher priced "premium" lines in men's cosmetics — products that sell because they are expensive.

Strangely, women continue to influence the market directly. Until recently 75 percent of male toiletries were bought by women. Peak sales times are Father's Day and Christmas. If you're going to buy someone a gift you get the most expensive line. Once the man begins using the after-shave he starts to buy it himself, although he is more likely to buy one of the medium priced products rather than the premium priced gift cologne.

Men's fragrances have fashions — like hair styles. "In the thirties," Geoff Bezer told me, "you had the lavender, hair pomades like California Poppy; in the fifties Old Spice set the pace, and continues to be a big seller. Now in Australia, specier, sweeter fragrances are in."

There are two opposite poles to the fragrance range. The American style tends to be very sweet. The continental style is more sophisticated, more subtle — yet still quite overpowering by Australian standards.

But fragrances are becoming more noticeable. Men are becoming more selective in their use of fragrances. Experts forecast the development of a day fragrance and a night fragrance. A man might use an after-shave in the morning and then, going out at night, choose a different cologne. Quite a few companies are marketing packs of different fragrances, so scent can be varied according to mood.

Although the basic men's toiletry on sale in Australia is

still after-shave, new products are being introduced. But we haven't yet reached the American stage, at which, for a mere \$83, you can really tub in style with: (1) an invigorating body shampoo, a total all-over liquid body cleanser, with a special sponge; (2) a muscle soothing soak, "a scented derivative with minerals to help soak away stress and tension"; (3) a hot water spa, "a concentrate designed to turn a bath into a soothing treatment for the entire body"; (4) a body fitness rub, "a lubricant to counteract dry, chapped skin"; (5) a bracing body splash, "a stimulating lotion to give a man's body a lift after shower, exercise, or a hard day's work"; (6) a personal deodorant spray, "a warm mist that helps combat odor-causing bacteria and soothe chapping and irritation"; and (7) a super absorbent talc, "a scented shaker talc to absorb excess moisture all over the body". All of these wonders are available in the US in the Avon men's cosmetics range.

How close are we to this proliferation of perfumes?

"Apart from after-shaves, talcs and deodorants — still the basis of the Australian market," said Geoff Bezer, "there is a myriad of new products. Some establish themselves, others last only a short time. One new product at the moment is hair spray."

Hair spray, for God's sake?

"Why not? It makes sense — now men are wearing longer hair, a gentleman finds that in some cases he needs a hair spray. Let's say he's a representative, or holds some other job where he is continuously on the move — his hair is likely to get into terrible disarray. Hair cream is out of fashion, and in any case it's very difficult to use with longer hair styles. Hair spray is the correct, logical answer."

"We speculated for a long time that men were using women's hair spray, so we produced their own product — and our analysis proved correct."

"Skin conditioners are very slow to be accepted, but I think it depends on how the product is marketed. In the Cobb and Co range we have what's basically a skin conditioner — but it's described as an "after-shave for sensitive or dry skin". Eventually this product will be used not just as an after-shave but all over a man's face, neck and hands."

"Hand creams are already on the market. People who work with their hands find that their skin becomes chafed, picks up a lot of dirt. By putting hand cream on in the morning you create a protective barrier. It keeps your hands supple without making them soft."

"Bronzing gels or tanning sticks are already coming on to the market. Now a man can have a perpetual sun tan, wiping it on in the morning and wiping it off at night. It will probably take a while for this to be accepted."

Why are men bothering?

"The purpose behind this whole cosmetic thing is to keep you looking young," Geoff Bezer says. "That's the key. In today's competitive world, the once-distinguished look of grey hair is OUT. One must look young, vigorous. Hair conditioner keeps away those grey strands, skin conditioner keeps the skin young and soft. If you don't wear a fragrance you're not with the fashion. Unless you use cosmetics you can't keep up with the pace."

Does the growth of the male cosmetic market indicate a future of masculinity in the Australian man? Geoff Bezer disagreed very strongly.

"Whenever male cosmetics are discussed you always get this attitude of a huge section of society poking fun — asserting that the male is becoming more female. But that's not the case at all. I think we are approaching the stage where a man is sufficiently sure of himself as a man not to have to worry about proving himself continually. The cosmetic boom doesn't indicate any lessening of masculinity, the opposite is true." (Continued on page 77)



*"Let's call the gang and have an all night party."*

I ripped a sheet out of the typewriter and wound it in newspaper.

To Mr Grant Mentmore,

Bel a certain unrecorded discussion on freedom. Might pay to run a check on a Wallace, senior provider, Clubhouse Hotel.

Free-loader

All right, it was petty. Kid stuff. Getting even. But it worked. There was a brief satisfaction thinking about Wallace's past being probed, then the crinkler was chorused. Deliberately therapeutic. Calmaris. I was free again and forgot.

Until a week later when Mentmore wanted to see me

Outside his office a vintny run halbed the windows inside was a place of happiness, a garden of roses. Summer bloomed. And Mentmore was the sun. He boomed "Of course, in retrospect, it was so obvious. Most, in fact, all the other eating places on the list had a limit to the charges. The Clubhouse Hotel had no ceiling, they would accept a party of 200 on a card. Wallace was on a good thing. It was smart of you to spot him so quickly."

Praises were kept on my modest head. I said nothing. It was an outrageous coincidence, but to somebody once said, try and figure out the odds against your father and mother getting together at just the right time and place to produce you.

"Wallace would take the card from one merry mob and run off the record of charges on the embossing machine, plus a few more, blank except for the card impression. He would get a bootblotter type signature on the ROC and give the credit card back. Then when other parties paid cash, Wallace would pocket the money and put the bill on a blank embossed ROC."

He leaned across his huge desk. "I think you've earned that card you first refused." He gave me the plastic. "Sign it," he said. "Use another name if you want to stay

anonymous but give me a specimen signature."

"How much loot was going down the drain?" I asked. "All the figures aren't in yet, but the fraud was in the multiple thousands."

"And you're paying me off with this?" I heard my foot mouth saying.

His smile lost a little warmth. "Count your blessings, son. Remember, you opted out. Do you want it or not?"

I wanted. I signed A. Thud, a name that amuses me. Mentmore put the sample signature in his wallet. "Now that's a put between us," he said. "Your name will not appear on any records in this office. Is that the way you still want it to be?"

That's the way I wanted it.

I went hogwild. Staffed myself. Became a pig at the trough. Magic words, "charge it". Maybe there had been too many lean years. Maybe I half expected somebody else to sneak up behind me and whip the plate away. Two huge meals a day for four weeks. With drinks and all the trimmings. Jolly flesh began to pile up like marshmallow fish. There was fat on my brain too. I couldn't write. I'd collapse in a chair or on a bed gasping short-winded between meals, thinking only about the next one. But I made it, right to the finishing line.

Near the end of the month my ear to the ground called "Do you believe in outrageous coincidences?" I asked.

"I do. Yes, I do. Verily, I do," wheezed I. There was fat on my vocal chords as well. "What's happened?"

"Good. Mentmore, you know, the eye that was scanning you, has just been killed. Shot by a mad water out on bail. That Wallace you got me to top. Weird, eh?"

"Spooky," I said. "Did they get him?"

"Not yet," said Chester. "He and two of his goons got away."

I started the old circular perambulating routine on the carpet. Count your blessings, Mentmore had said. I did, religiously. Thankfully. Wallace might have come for me. Blessed is he that is anonymous.

But I started the count too soon. A letter arrived from the credit-card company. Their investigation has found me. Questionnaire please. For instance:

Why did I use one of their cards when my credit rating is absolute zero?

Why did I sign it and all the ROC's with a false name?

How did I get the card when the recorded data shows it was issued to a Mr Grant Mentmore, now deceased? After a criminal death.

A bill followed for \$475.15.

How could I have dug a grave with my teeth to the tune of more than \$15 a day? That was a question I thought up, one of my own. In the past I'd made do with one meal a day, often living on \$5 a week.

I haven't got the money and can't get it.

Mentmore had kept his word. There were no records, so Gilbert and Hail had never heard of me. The turgid outside man was burned, the free pickle doving up his possessions. Look for A. Thud written on a piece of paper in a dead man's wallet? Ruckulous?

If I come out into the open and tell the truth, the whole truth, who will believe me? One man might, and I can't take that chance. The town is full of people like Chester, and maybe the insane finger, Wallace, will get the word and come after me before they get him.

I know what freedom is now that it's gone. More damning letters. At night I don't dream anymore about the floor of the sea. I dream about thousands of computers all over the world interfering about me, digging ever deeper into my life and past, gleefully storing the distorted facts.

And in the daytime the punched cards keep on coming.





*"He wasn't really mad until you told him what he could do with his apple!"*



# NO APPARENT MOTIVE

IT WAS a wet night on the waterfront. All the wharves except one were closed; there, a ship was lit up like a Christmas tree. A taxi dropped a wavy navy man at the party on board, then drove past an unmanned guardhouse and cruised empty towards the city. □ Its headlights picked up the back of a big young man walking the same way on the other side of the road. The cab driver slowed down for a possible return fare, speeded up again when the walker showed no interest. It was the only car on that trade-battered highway. □ The young man walked past society fences grim with warning notions, past slushyards stacked high with timber. A dog looked at him, and another answered in the distance. The footpath was not continuous and he had to plow through rank grass booty-trapped with old cans and discarded junk. □ Near the metropolis the lights became brighter, the sidewalk better, but he trod more cautiously, keeping to the shadows. Soon a sudden squall blew off the river. The young man started to run. □ He raced in the rain across the first bridge, down worn stone steps to a small embankment. A wooden sign creaked in the wind. JAZZ BOATS, it read. DRINK and DANCE. TAKE a TRIP every SATURDAY NITE. The frame of colored bulbs was dark and drooping; slow drops. All the painted booths were locked in Sunday parson gloom. □ Across the river a temperature-time



He prowled through  
the night,  
full of rage,  
death on his mind.  
Deaths and money.  
Macabre fiction by  
Mack Rogers.





*"She'll be a great star . . . once she gets over her stage fright."*

to him burst into a fountain of neon sparks. The top figure changed from 61 to 60, the others flickered to 9-02.

The youth sheltered under the bridge. Breathing deeply, he sat on his heels, took a tiny radio from his shirt pocket. The radio was pre-tuned to a station that gave the news on the hour. He held the receiver close to one ear.

"...in Vietnam.

"The hunt continues for the two teen-aged prisoners who escaped from the Langford Re-barb prison farm on Friday night. Clothing and an old utility were taken from a nearby home. It is believed the two may have reached the city in spite of an intensive search. One youth is aged 19 and the other 18. A full description of them will be given in our complete midnight bulletin.

"Police are still looking for thieves who held up a milk bar at Preston earlier this evening. The owner described the gunman as middle-aged and dark. The other was young with long blond hair, wearing a vivid red shirt.

"Following a head-on collision between a truck and a panel van on the Coast Highway in which three people died, the State's weekend road toll has risen to ten. The companies—"

He switched off. Water still dripped from his blood hair. He sat down in a pile of old wrappings, newspapers and accumulated trash to dry and rest. A big collected hand toyed with the radio; then he buttoned it in the pocket of a brown cord shirt that was too small for his wide shoulders. There had been no choice on the backyard washing line. Only the heavy work boots and denim pants could tightly be called his. All the other pockets were empty. Except for a piece of paper.

"9:45 reflected upside down wavered in the muddy water. Suddenly he was alerted. A launch, coming on the river, a spotlight probing each bank in turn. The police. He ran again. They went downstream.

Up river, he moved from tree to tree away from the towpaths and benches. The rain stopped, the sky a checkerboard of black clouds and bright moonlight. Under the second bridge, hidden snug between concrete posts and gurgling pipes, he waited for the 10 o'clock news. Volume control full on, batteries ready gone, the urgent voice of the newscaster came lumpy and distorted.

"...still out on strike.

"Police are now questioning a middle-aged man about the milk bar holdup at Preston reported earlier this evening. They took possession of a worn-off shotgun and about \$120 in cash. The suspect's companion is still at large.

"A 1950 utility, believed to be that used by the prison farm escapees, has been found abandoned near the river mouth docks. Fingerprints are being checked. Officials think the two youths may have split up.

"Eleven people have died on our roads since midnight on Friday. The latest fatality—"

His stomach growled louder than the radio. The hunger pains were getting sharper, he was probably eating himself. He kicked an empty bottle out of the way, crouched down and closed his eyes.

Not for long. Lurching, arguing, passing a flagon around, three drinks were close by. It quickly became obvious that his hideout was their regular drinking spot. For a moment his anger flared to make a fight of it, bang a few bands, dunk them in the river, take the bottle. Cool it, mist, he told himself, and when their voices echoed loud be moved on.

He stopped under a third bridge, a cautious shadow in thicker trees and deeper grass. Like the broad Riverside Avenue narrowed to just a line. It was quiet, so still that a church bell dozing 11 times seemed to disturb the Sunday night peace.

He switched on the radio. There was no click, no response. Thumping and fiddling with it brought no joy. He

news. The transistor had sucked every usable electron from the cells. He cursed. There seemed to be no end to his bad luck. Like on the beach that afternoon. Missing his own business, keeping out of sight in the rocks, sunning, suddenly there'd been kids everywhere. When he had to leave he took the radio from a heap of clothes. Now it was useless. He smashed the toy against stonework and hurled the bits to the river.

He was still mad as a starving lion when a car stopped in the lane. The engine cut, doors slammed and a girl yipped. Arms locked, the two lone teens in search of a roomier nest scampered down the bank. And so the moon drizzled and the man started it seemed likely they would roost under the bridge.

Once more he retreated. Pushing the car on the far side, when the coast was clear, he glanced inside. The keys were there, carefully left by the driver with other things on his mind. The engine was still warm. So, quietly, he took the car as he had the transistor, partly for need, partly for misadventure.

11.30. He parked five miles away, pushed a button on an expensive radio for a mid-hour news in brief.

"...was tonight recaptured at the home of his widowed mother, Mrs. King. As yet there is no clue to the whereabouts of Kevin Moore, aged 18, blond hair, 6' 2", strongly built, who escaped with King. Moore is described as a shy unsocialized youth subject to fits of sudden rage and violence. He was serving a one-year sentence for assault.

"Police, a short time ago, searched a hayride lodging house in connection with the armed holdup of a Preston milk bar. They removed articles of evidence including a red shirt and several wigs. There were no arrests.

"A motor cyclist who died in the Alfred Hospital tonight after an emergency operation, brought the number of road deaths to 11 for the weekend. The total for the year is now—"

A car horn blared, disturbed his concentration. He'd parked in a lonely place, across a dark, closed school driveway. Now an ancient two-wheeler wobbled out and him out of the way. Moon banks, impatient. He shipped the handbrake, started to move, and sudden black rage convulsed his body then exploded in his brain. They



wouldn't leave him alone! No matter what he did, where he went, tried to do, always somebody bugged him. Wet, cold, hungry, tired and broke, no bed, no place to hide and still they wanted him out of their way, still they hounded him. The more he tried to escape.

Down went his foot, hard. Crunch went the gears, stopping. Rubber squealed as the rear wheels spun in loose gravel to get a grip. The powerful new car took off like a dagger.

He wrenched the wheel hard over and scammed into a U-turn, spraying dirt.

Then he straightened up headfirst flat out a bright door handle lined up straight target in the headlights groping the wheel tightly, muscles tense, teeth clenched, eyes stilled, he smashed right into the other car. Impact! Shock!

There was a female scream, cut-off abruptly, a different scream of tortured metal, glass tinkled, dust and vapor rising in one coarsely tilted beam pointed towards the sky, all mixed up together. . . a word scene. Then stillness rushed in. Head dropped softly. Hot smells. And a groan.

He got out of the wreck, not even broken or cut. The other car was bent round, folded over his front and which had concertina-crippled him on a safety cushion. He nudged the sprung door open on the passenger's side.

Two elderly women were inside, schoolteachers maybe, the driver with grey hair, eyes wide open, neck whitish broken. The other shocked face a whiter shade of pale covered with gouts of blood, eyes closed, glasses hanging on one ear, still alive. Moaning. Twitching.

"... and 11 people died on the roads. That is the end of the news summary—" The radio played on.

"Twelve," he corrected. The mad rage had drained away from his brain, leaving as always, a cold clear calculating mind.

There was a gauzy scarf wrapped twice round the throat of the woman who still lived. It was knotted in front with a brooch. He grabbed the ends of the silk, put a knee on her chest, pulled with all his strength. In the same shadowy coil by the best light the woman went rigid. Her tongue came out a little way between her teeth and her face went purple. She gagged.

He hooked one end of the scarf over a knob and pushed the body off the seat so she hung by the neck. A flamed arm hit a handbag. It opened. The contents spilled and coins rolled. There was paper money in a purse. His empty gut rumbled its need. Eating money!

He reached for the purse. No warning the cold centre of his brain. There must be no apparent motive. So he turned the expensive radio up to maximum volume to attract somebody to the tragedy quickly, it had to be quickly, and run before they got there.

And for a long way off he could hear it playing "All You Need Is Love".

Monday morning at the seaside. Bright and sunny. Not the best though. He wondered why people who ate regularly could look so grim and sour. His own stomach walls seemed to be rubbing together, making him almost light-headed with hunger. He drank so much free water he could imagine becoming a hydraulic. And everywhere in the bayside lay down were the festal smells of food.

Frying meat and onions. Hamburgers with. Steaks sizzling. Chicken and chips. Barbecued take-away foods steaming and spicy. Roasted cod fish beans dry ground. Warm jam and sugar doughnuts. Hot dogs with mustard. Waffles and fairy floss traps in Luna Park.

He sat on a bench in the hot sun and read a discarded newspaper.

The two young prison farm escapees had been caught.

A 50-year-old man and a 16-year-old girl living with him

had been charged with the armed robbery of a mail bar.

Thirteen people had died on the roads between Friday and Sunday mornings.

Now he could relax, stop hiding. And eat.

"Hi, Sam," he said to a twisted man.

Since noon, dim in the daylight, spent HOLLYWOOD SKILL-BALLS in a parlor open to the street. He went past pinball machines jangling, clacking, flashing, past a rifle range around a new brick wall, air guns leaning, through a door marked PRIVATE CLUB and up the stairs.

Outside, on the pavement, the twisted man had a plastic Christmas tree and a wooden box. From the tree he sold tinsel dolls and paper balls on elastic and balloons on sticks. From the box he sold other things. Like bags of washers the same size and weight of five cent coins.

Sam watched the big bloodied kid go through the door. Then he took one of the metal washers and hobbled to a phone box.

Playing it cool he looked first in the letter rack of the club. Then, very casually, glanced at a gun-packed green belt notice board where Mike posted the results of raffles, sweep on the dogs, jackpot on the races and the new game.

"Hell-on, Stagg," said Wally at his sink. He topped up a coffee engine.

"Hi, Wally. Getting any?"

"Now. Notice won't go." The counterpane wiped everything he could reach.

"Why not?"

"Piston broke."

They glared at each other. Wally served a pack of cigarettes to a 14-year-old. At the end of the bar a pig phone buzzed.

Stagg leaned an arm on the wood and watched smoker balls cannon under the table lights. A belly ache knifed him.

Wally came back from the phone. "Coffee?" he asked. Stagg shook his blond head. There was gold-wire fuzz on his tanned cheeks. "Milo about?"

"Later," said Wally, lighting a filtertip and coughing into the sugar. Stagg headed for the door. Halfway there he heard Wally say softly, "Hey, man!" The tone of voice stopped him.

"What?" he asked.

"The Joker's looking for you, baby."

"Yeah, I know."

"Better go see him, man." Wally polished the counter in a rubbing out way. "He knows you're here. Mr Wilson just called."

Stagg raced down the stairs, cool gone.

A block away Mr Wilson got him. The 300 lb ex-wrestler crowded the boy into the doorway of an arty boutique.

"The Joker wants you," he wheezed through a jute-chopped throat.

"I know, Crusher," said Stagg. Big as he was, he had to look up.

"Mr Wilson to you, sonny. Since Sunday night we've been lookin' for you. Now be a good boy an' go see him right away. I've got more important things to do than chase you small fish. Get me?"

"Yes, Mr Wilson," said Stagg. Inside the shop three skinny girls watched with wide eyes. Stagg had run out of bridges.

He was called the Joker because his name was Wide and he had absolutely no sense of humor. "You know the rules," he said to Stagg. He was a small man in a constant state of fury because he couldn't understand what the jerk was laughing at. "All credit bets have to be settled the same day."

(Continued on page 77)



*"Now that my first day's work is finished, Mr Willoughby, what do I do next?"*

"There was very little to work on," Haynen said. "It appeared to me, so it did to the German police, that this was the work of an ordinary burglar who found the girl and raped and strangled her so that she could not identify him. I obtained the dossier on the case from the German police. I studied it for several weeks. But it did not quite ring true to me. As an experienced politician I liked everything to fall into place and somehow there were missing parts."

Why, Haynen asked himself, did the thief ignore the girl's purse which contained about 200 German marks but stole some rather cheap jewelry from her bureau drawer? Why did he make such a mess of her room, throwing things around as if hunting for some hidden treasure? He had not done the same in any other room, so why do it in the girl's room?

Then one night it hit him between the eyes. He had just returned to Holland from Austria and found he could not sleep because he was too exhausted from the long drive.

"I only needed two questions answered before making up my mind that I knew, or thought I knew, who had murdered the girl."

He left alone the same day for Wuppertal and asked to see the officer in charge of the probe into the murder of the girl. He put the two questions to the officer and armed with the replies he went to a college in the city and waited for an 18-year-old youth.

"I wanted him to come and have a cup of coffee with me," Haynen said. "I told him that I wanted to speak to him about the dead girl and that I was a detective and knew the truth. I did not see the need to tell him that I was not a German police detective or that I came from Holland. When I said I was a detective I spoke the truth."

About 20 minutes later Haynen accompanied the youth home after telephoning to ensure that the boy's father was there. "This young man," Haynen told the German, "has something to tell you. He will tell you what he told me."

"I can't bear it any longer, father," the boy said. "I killed Grethe because I was scared she would tell you and mother about what was going on between us. Grethe and I had been making love since she was about 10 but in the last few months she wanted nothing more to do with me. When I went to her that night and made love to her like I always used to do she woke up and tried to scream for you and mother."

The boy told his father that when his sister tried to scream he put his hands on her throat to keep her quiet. He said he begged her not to tell but she told him she was going to. "I did not mean to kill her," the boy wept. "I only wanted to keep her quiet."

When he discovered that she was dead the boy panicked for a time but came to his senses and decided to make it appear like a robbery and as if his sister had been raped and murdered by a robber. He was charged and pleaded guilty to the murder of his sister. The court did not send him to prison but ordered him to be confined in a mental home.

How did he come to decide that this was what Haynen described as an "inside job"? It was obvious enough: money had been spared, rubbish taken, and it was quite unnecessary for the robber to make such a mess in the girl's room.

"All I wanted to know was this. Who in her house was most likely to have raped her and killed her? My two questions to the German police were: Was the girl a virgin when she was raped? The post-mortem had shown that she was not a virgin but this is not uncommon for a girl of her age in Europe today."

"My second question was: Did she have an older brother? I guessed that it had to be a male in her own

family and my suspicion fixed on her brother. It was a hunch that paid off."

How many cases he handled through his five-year career he refuses to say but they run into the hundreds. But what might be his last case came off in April of this year. A small bank was robbed of \$13,000 in Holland and a reward of \$2500 was offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the criminals.

Haynen asked the bank if there were strings attached, like the reward being subject to the recovery of the money. The bank said no. A guard, aged 60 had been battered by the two hooded men who escaped. Only vague descriptions were given to the police.

He was on his home ground now, for the robbery happened about 10 miles from his home town and he knew every local criminal. With his wife and stepdaughter acting discreet questions as the underworld Haynen set to work with a process of elimination just as he used to do while a detective sergeant. Who would pull this kind of job? It was certainly a professional. Who was spending money?

Jenny came up with the answer. A fellow named Harry de Kap, 31, was throwing money around. Jenny befriended him and pretended to be the daughter of an habitual criminal serving 10 years in a local prison. Within a day or two de Kap was buying her a \$500 ring and \$350 coat.

She sadly discovered that de Kap's best friend was another 21-year-old man named Theo van den Broek. She led the conversation around to the bank robbery and said, "Gee gosh, I wish I knew some fellows like that. I always wanted to be a gun moll. Life is so dull. I would love to drive a fast car and feel the taste of excitement."

De Kap opened up and told the girl he and his chum, Van den Broek, had robbed the bank and planned another in a week. If she wanted in, she was in. She could help them by using banks for them.

Haynen passed the information to the bank and De Kap and Van den Broek were arrested in their homes simultaneously at four on the next day.

But it seemed that time was running out for Haynen. He had invested some of his money in a petrol station.

"I do not intend to stay in the detective business much longer, it's too dangerous," he told me.

Late one afternoon in mid-May as he crossed a street in his home town a red car rided down the street. He dived for cover but it hit his right foot and shattered it. It all happened so swiftly the only information the police could get was the make of the car — a red Mustang. It still has not been found. Two days later a bullet crashed through the window of Haynen's car, missing his head by a hair's breadth.

"I figure some of the gangs have cottoned on to me," he said. "We moved at once to another house whose address we gave to the police but nobody else. I could not risk my attack on my wife, stepdaughter or stepson. Somebody was out gunning for me."

He turned the operation of his petrol station over to a manager and went into hiding until, as he put it, "things cooled down a bit."

Whether Haynen will now continue his role as a bounty hunter remains to be seen. He was evasive about the name and would not say he planned to continue or that he intended dropping the dangerous work. "Let's put it this way, after things have cooled down a bit I will see where we stand."

"I made a lot of money in the past few years and I plan staying alive to spend some of it. If a case breaks where a good reward is offered I might think very hard about it."

"I like the excitement of the chase but I would hate to have a bullet in my gut — or to have to identify my wife or stepdaughter in a mortuary!"

CATHY







CATHY





# THE SUNLORD

**BODY** shirts fit with the slickness of skin. They hug your body and pamper your ego. They're versatile — suitable for day or night wear, pleasure and even business.

John Brown have stolen the theme for their body shirts from the animal world. Their Sunlord selection has some of the finer male features of the animal kingdom.

Imagine the sun bright colors of the earth on a warm spring day ... these are the colors of Sunlord shirts. Terracotta, mandarin, oak, whisky, lime cool and color see but a few. Patterns are sparkingly different too. Let your mouth water over subtle, floral and etched effects, as well as birdseye geometric prints.

**FAR LEFT:** See-through all cotton male to blow your cool. Colors too, are cool: whisky, maize, teal and oak. *Inside* Featuring a placket front, open-neck collar, Nightlighted a traditional yoke and one button welted cuff (\$12.90).

**LEFT:** Printed 'Recluse' with color moods of nature, winter and spring, a tamed abstraction of diamonds and star shapes. A body hugging knit shirt with 12-inch four-button front placket, welted collar and cuff with one button. Backgrounds of brown, apricot, cedar and gold (\$17.95).

**RIGHT:** A heavy new world pattern of interlocking geometric and floral shapes. It is styled in fashion-conscious Polyester. Colors and designs include red background with black, white and black, three shades of green on a bottle green background and black on burgundy. It features a box placket and two-button cuff (\$17.95).



# THE SUNLORD



**ABOVE, HIS:** This 100 per cent Polyester knitted body shirt has a box placket and two-button cuff. Contrasting printed patterns of circles cleverly look with color in a range of four basic shades: purple, maroon, rose and dahlia blue (\$17.95). **HIS:** The Sunlord Fun Top ribbed singlet features a tempting apple, printed in gay colors. The neck and armholes are bound in contrasting colors (\$3.99).

**RIGHT, GB, is serious.** This spectacular diagonal pattern is interspersed with circles and comes in two tonings—order/white and black/white. The salt shaker Filamel warped knitted bathed fiber is silly to handle (\$16.50). **FAN RIGHT:** The fun top in background white, gold and aqua has contrasting band of black rib and features a gaily colored butterfly printed on the front (\$3.99).

The knitted versions feature 12-inch, four-button front placket and a one-piece collar. The woven shirts have full button-through placket. And the fabrics. They range from Barlon and Filamel, woven voiles and polyester to the more traditional cotton knits and cotton-polyester. There's a fabric and style for everybody. John Brown also has Fun Tops, a sunny series of gaily-colored T-shirts featuring a brilliant butterfly printed across the front, an arrow-struck double heart, and to tempt your own special Eve, a ribbed singlet top with a succulent, juicy apple, all in contrasting colors.



# LIBIDO

ACCORDING to our dictionary "libido" means sexual desire, or more simply, plain old-fashioned lust. But to millions of swingers in Britain and Europe, Libido is the name of a new indoor game.

Libido, bluntly, is a sex game. It's like the ever-popular Monopoly, but instead of paying £500 to the Community Chest you're more likely to be taking off your trousers, or watching your partner shed her skirt. It's played with paper money. The participants answer questions from a stack of cards in the middle of the

board. If they give the wrong answer they must remove an article of clothing. (Sorta like an old card game we all once played!)

Penalties are incurred for landing on the wrong square. They read like: "You are accused of rape. Go straight to court and stay there . . . or pay a £1000 fine."

*They're off. Jim draws the first penalty card. It could be a £1000 fine for rape, or a £200 "Sex Tax" for each time he's made love in the last six months.*



# LOVE TO THE ROLL OF A DICE

The object of the game is to accumulate as much money as possible, while at the same time compelling opponents to remove their clothes.

Once the game is in progress other penalties crop up. "Reveal your passionate self by kissing any other player, or pay a fine of £500." A "Sex Tax" compels you to pay £200 for each person to whom you've made love in the last six months.

If the players lose their clothes, they cannot reclaim them until the game is over.

Players are not allowed to wear several changes of clothes on top of each other. The rules say this gives them an unfair advantage.

The rules also suggest that sexy music be played, everybody be given a drink and made comfortable. "To play *Labido* you must have a relaxed atmosphere," they say.

The reactions of the two couples, who tested the game for our photographer, ranged from shyness at the start to what verged on exhibitionism at the finish.

But they all agreed it was great fun. Unfortunately the British Press didn't have the same attitude when *Labido* was introduced. "The nastiest game to hit the market for many a year," whinged one national daily.



*Lovely blonde Susan takes her chance. Fortunately she has just made some money.*

*The game progresses with each player losing an item of clothing. Charlie (foreground) has already lost his shirt. Linda (left) has shed only her shoes.*







## LIBIDO: LOVE TO THE ROLL OF A DICE

But nasty or not, it is winning a lot of fans.

"It's for the seventies," said one swinger. "I mean, these days who wants to play a game where all you seem to win is railroads?"

Inventor Jack Jaffe defends Libido, saying it is specially designed for modern adults. He even claims it has therapeutic advantages: "It has great value in releasing inhibitions."

Libido is not on the Australian market yet. But here are a few words of warning for those who intend to give the game a try when it appears.

First: Make sure the blinds are lowered and/or the drapes are drawn. Your next-door neighbors might not like six-year-old Johanne watching you and your

friends coverting round the lounge room minus your gear.

Second: If you play during winter, make sure the heater is turned on. Scientists still haven't discovered a cure for the common cold!

FOOTNOTE: Our man in London last week tried to buy a Libido game, only to be told by the buxom blonde salesgirl that the store did not stock it. "Sales slowed down," she explained sadly. "People just weren't following the rules."

Never one to be defeated, our astute reporter asked for a copy of the rules.

"Sorry," said the girl, "but I can tell you what the game is like—super!"

*By this time both Linda and Susan have lost their skirts. The boys are faring a little better, with Charlie the only one showing skin.*

*Linda decides that if her clothes have to come off the least she can do is be artistic about it, hence the sleepless. The boys didn't go too well over the first two rounds and both have lost their trousers and shirts.*

*The game gets into its final stages with clothes strewn round the room and four almost bare bodies clustered round the board.*





*"Oh, just a little piece of cheese I brought home from the rat race . . . why?"*

## NO APPARENT MOTIVE

(Continued from page 83)

He stared at a card a wine merchant had given him. **HELP STAMP OUT GRAPES**, it read. Now what the hell was funny about that?

"It slipped my mind," said Stagg. "I'll give you the 10 as soon as I see Milo."

"You trying to be funny?" The Joker was wild. Stagg looked puzzled. "I owe you 10," he said. "Sotolopah to win in the last race. That horse with the orthopedic shoes."

"What're you trying to pull?" asked the booksie. "You and you know the rules. Unpaid bets double each day. Ten Saturday. Twenty Sunday. Forty now. It'll be 80 tomorrow, and no underdog freak owes me that much!"

"I'll get it," said Stagg. "There's 50 coming to me from Milo."

"Give it to the Crusher. All of it. He's put in a lot of time on you."

"Look," Stagg tried. "I haven't eaten for —"

"Don't tell me your troubles," sneered the Joker, "you

kids are all the same. Six meals a day. Don't know what it is to go hungry. I'll give you another hour to settle, \$50 or else. You know why he's called the Crusher? How would you like to grow fat, have a high voice and lose all interest in girls?" He ripped the card in two. "Now get outta here."

Stagg got.

Milo looked at him. "You see the Joker?" he said. Stagg nodded. Shoulders bent. So hungry the pain wasn't real any more. He took the precious bit of colored paper from his pocket.

The club hustler glanced at it. "Thirteen," he said. "That's right. Pays \$50." He took out a roll of notes. "You know Benny?" he asked conversationally.

"No," said Stagg. His fingers itched for the money being counted slowly.

"He had 11 road deaths in the draw. This new game is catching on," said Milo grinning. "Well, Sunday night he was in here, real glad to his ear. Five to 12 he was happy, home and board. Then two old ladies snuck in under the wire. Lucky, eh?" He handed over five tens.

"Yeah," said Stagg. "That's me all right. Lucky."

He went back out to see the Crusher.

## THE FRAGRANT MALE

(Continued from page 54)

Look at men's fashions. Today it's bright colors, intricate fancy designs, all of which attract the opposite sex. It's been called the age of the peacock male. Remember that in the animal kingdom it's the male of the species which has bright colors and the spectacular plumage or coat.

Geoff's views are echoed by oversexed experts.

"Once a man's lack of confidence in his own sexuality is overcome he's ready for men's cosmetics," says Bill Mandel, executive vice-president of Revlon. "If you know you are a man, you're relaxed about it."

In fact, according to Geoff, one of the best reasons for using male cosmetics is that you'll find it easier to win today's swinging chicks.

"Wearing a fragrance, using a talc or a deodorant, helps build up an attractive image. In today's rather free-wheeling society we move a lot faster in the sexual scene than previously. Instant personal attraction depends on a good deal on the sense of smell, the smooth feeling of skin, the softness of hair."

What advice does Geoff have for the novice in the complex world of male cosmetics?

"First and foremost: Don't mix your fragrances. If you use one fragrance for an after-shave, another for a deodorant and another for a hair fixative, you'll end up smelling like a French flower shop. Select a perfume that you like. One that fits your personality. Never one that overpowers you.

"By browsing through any men's cosmetic section and testing the products you can find the one that suits you best — most of the products have sample bottles at the point of sale.

"Remember that it's no use sniffing the fragrance while it's still in the bottle — it must be rubbed on to the skin before its true scent becomes apparent. Find the correct after-shave, then stay with that range. That fragrance then becomes your own personal aroma, signals your identity."

If you still suspect that male cosmetics are too way out for you, wait until your hiebs starts looking you in for a

quick treatment at your local men's beauty parlor.

I'm dead serious? Gents male salon, in South Molton Street, London, began a special facial service for men towards the end of 1969. They offer no fewer than nine different treatments for improving your reflection in the bathroom mirror, including a magnifying glass analysis, a cleansing facial, using infra-red and ultra-violet treatments.

In this workout the steam removes basic impurities and waste matter from the face. Ultra-violet tones up the tissues, while manual facial massage tones up the muscles, and a dose of the vibratory machine firms and strengthens the lines of the face. In what's called the "Blepharoplasty treatment" a special mask sets hard and is then ripped off, taking with it surface and secondary surface impurities.

Geoff Beater sees Australian men's salons in the offing. "The ambition to keep young looking is becoming stronger and stronger. A man does not want to put on excess weight if he is going to look fit and young, so the beauty salon will incorporate a scaled-up gym.

"The man of the future will be eating a specially controlled diet. He'll be doing exercises to keep his muscles in tone, to keep his neck muscles from sagging. What can a beauty parlor do for a man? The possibilities are limitless."

"It's hard to say when the male beauty parlor will come here. Australia is going through profound changes, economically, socially and politically.

"But one thing is for sure — there are an increasing number of young people who are prepared to discard their parents' prejudices. There's a revolution of the young — and the expanding cosmetic market is part of that revolution."



"What would you like to drink?" Pru asked  
 "Scotch, thanks." He took out his cigarettes to give himself time to think.

The Worths senior were going out to a dinner party. "I'm sure Pru could cook something for you," Mrs W said, no expression in her voice, her smile acidic. Murray smiled. It was a helluva situation to be in, hushing the daughter, having humiliated the mother.

When they were alone, Pru poured two more drinks and they stood looking down over the bay, lit by moonlight, not touching, not talking, just watching. Murray could feel it coming off her in waves. She found him attractive but didn't want yet to admit it. Maybe she had her suspicions. There must have been many others after not much more than her money.

He looked into his drink. Take it easy, boy. Work on her slowly. He turned, went into the house. Expensive, but expensive handmade furniture. The paintings, every one its original. The four-track stereo tape deck. All this could be his and there wasn't a thing Murray could do about it.

"Hungry?" Pru asked brightly, in her private-school accent. He followed her through to the all-electric white kitchen, watched as she opened the fridge. Hard keeping control at the sight of all that food. He hadn't been eating too well. And perhaps because of the scotch, he wondered why some people have so much while others have nothing. Yeah, he had his looks and masculinity, but he was quite prepared to do a deal.

He perched on the kitchen table while Pru cooked up two huge steaks. "Smells good," he enthused, leaning over her shoulder, ostensibly to sniff, but really to test if she'd draw away when he brushed against her. She didn't. Good.

She sent him down to the cellar for wine. He followed her directions down a corridor to steps, switched on the light and surveyed row upon row of clarets, burgundies, champagnes, bocks, moselles, brandies, sherries, on and on. He'd read up on wines, selected Pol-Roger champagne. What the hell, he wasn't paying.

When he arrived back the lights had been dimmed and the big old oak diningtable was lit only by slender candles. He held out Pru's chair, and as she sat, touched her, brushing her shoulder, complimenting her on the house. "It's only our holiday shack." Her rich innocence excited him. He cracked the bottle of champagne.

They ate and talked, talked and drank, and he asked, very casually, when she was expecting her parents back. "Not for days, they're driving back to the city from the party. Daddy hates holidays, they interfere with his work."

"You'll be here on your own?"

"Don't you think I can look after myself?"

"I'm sure you can," he reassured her, smiling, as her little foot under the table responded to the way he touched her. Then she sent him down for more champagne.

Murray needn't have worried, seduction was hardly necessary, because as soon as he'd made the first moves she responded with a passion that surprised him — in no time they were side by side in her parents' bed, the only double in the house, drinking champagne, smoking post-coital cigarettes in a patch of cold moonlight from the window. She told him he'd been terrific. He smiled. Girls never forget times they'd spent in bed with Mr Murray Grant.

"You always offer this dessert to your dinner guests, Pru?"

"When I can."

"How old are you, honey?"

"Twenty."



"I've yet to see a world crisis I haven't had the solution for yet."

Then they slept in each other's arms, waking well after midnight to make love again, then sleeping till morning. They drove to the beach at sunrise, swam quite alone, then drove on home.

"You're nice," she told him, when they'd made love after breakfast, this time on the kitchen floor. "Are you rich?"

"No."

And he realized he'd blown it. He hadn't meant to say it, she'd caught him off guard, in a moment of after-love honesty, all the defences down. She sat up fast and looked down at him, the same wary look he'd seen when they met down the beach. Murray had this sinking feeling, loving her combined with the certainty of his bubble falling through, the con coming apart. He'd never cracked on to her now. Her head had changed, he had fallen for the girl who was meant to be the sucker.

He had to go on. He told her everything, how he'd planned out their meeting, borrowed camp Ray's Mercedes, how he'd seen her as a five-long meal ticket, but now it was different, he'd told her the truth because...but he couldn't say why.

"Well, that changes things, doesn't it?" And she pulled on her dress. Her voice had hardened. "I think you'd better go."

He took her by the shoulder and looked into her eyes, beautiful eyes now, wary and cold. He'd blown it.

Who says honesty pays?

He drove the Mercedes back, went into Ray's bar. No other drinkers had arrived yet. "Where have you been," Ray fumed, "mistaking my dear little car?"

"Four me a triple scotch, will you, Ray?"

The barman shrugged dramatically as he poured. "You did the wrong number? Pick the wrong check? Take my advice, boys are so much nicer."

"Yeah I'll bet." Murray spent the last of his money getting very, very drunk, didn't remember being thrown out and woke cramped in the back seat of the VW, head

spitting in the afternoon sun. He couldn't go back to his motel, he owed a week on his room.

So he drove back to the city, took a shower at a friend's and met some of his middle-aged ladies. They were just dying to see him, so he drove over to the home of the youngest through peak-hour traffic. He did what she wanted and "borrowed" 25 bucks, on which he got drunk.

This went on for a week, until one of his clients told him to leave or she'd call the police. It was three in the morning, and the husband, in pyjamas, kept wanting to know what was happening. Murray slept the night in the car again. He'd been a fool to tell Pru the truth.

Next morning very early, with the desperate clarity drinking can sometimes bring, he rang the Worth's beach house from a corner public phone. Pru answered.

"Murray here."

A long silence. Then: "Where have you been? I've looked for you on the beach every day," Murray smiled. Sounded like Pru needed him.

"I'll be down."

He drove like a maniac, spending the last of his money on enough gas to get him to her place. He cleaned up in the gas station washroom. He hadn't changed his clothes for a week, badly needed a shave. Apprehensive, he swung down the Worth's drive. The Bentley was back.

Mr Worth himself came to the door. "You," he said. "Come on in."

They stood on the balcony, watching the waves. "My daughter's told me a lot about you," Worth said. Murray didn't answer. "You refuse Pru's too young to know her own mind. To put it bluntly, you're not my idea of a son-in-law. I've made out a cheque which will be yours if you promise never to see her again." And he held it out. A thousand bucks.

"No."

"As you like."

"Where is she?"

"Packing. She's leaving for Europe."

"Thanks," Murray said bitterly. The cheque had been returned to the pocket of the expensive suit.

"I can't understand you," the older man said suddenly.

"Neither can I, mate." Then in a flash of vicious clarity, Murray saw how he'd be rewarded. "What would you do if your wife was unfaithful to you, Mr Worth," he asked, a dangerous edge to his voice.

"The situation wouldn't arise." Worth looked so smug,



"Hey, Martha, got a few minutes?"

so rich, standing in his 50,000 bucks' worth of house.

Murray saw the hotel room, the flashing, babyish flash. He knew he had something Worth had lost many years ago, something Worth's wife and daughter both had desired. "Wouldn't it?" he asked, turning, sloshing towards the door. He turned, faced Worth across the expensive room. "You want to tell that frustrated wife of yours to get treatment for that mole."

"Mole? What mole?" Worth's face was an arena where panic fought with rage.

"You know where it is, and so do I, baby," Murray said. He walked out, got in the VW.

Driving along the beach, he told himself he'd been too soft. Should have punched Worth in the mouth. Unemployed Man On Assault Charge. They don't charge you rent in jail.

Murray parked, got out. A brassy hot, hot seaside day. He scanned the rich surroundings. He had a feeling Worth had been bluffing about the trip to Europe. Should have taken the cheque, boy.

All those rich slicks. They'll pay for what I am, what they've made me become. And Pru's bad hair. I was taken in by a dream of wealth. Your wife paid me, you know that, Mr Worth? It's been a game. You made the rules, or your money made them for you. I'm not playing any more.

A week of drinking? The edge of breakdown? Not even Murray understood the tamed of his mind which froze to another dangerous flash of clarity when he saw mother and daughter strolling laughing up the beach.

He was waiting at the top of the concrete steps when Mrs Worth gazed the promenade. Too late to go back. Pru saw him too. The way her smile flickered badly showed him her parents had bought her.

"He's just a bun, darling. Who says money can't buy love? Would you like a Mercedes for your 21st, darling?"

"Hello, Mr Great," Mrs Worth said, an exultant edge to her smooth voice. "You look as if you've just won a thousand dollars."

The puzzled look on Pru's face showed she knew nothing of the pay-off. Should have taken the money, boy.

"Yeah, looks like you've lost yourself a husband, too, baby," Murray answered with a nasty grin. "I told him I really groove on your mole."

"What does he mean?" Pru asked, eyes wide.

And as mother and daughter faced each other, Murray got in the VW, drove away. The sun shone. The surf roared. Murray went to see Ray, the camp barman, about a little loan.



"I wonder what happened down there? Two billion people came up in one day, and since then, no one."

# PLAY BIKES FOR PLAY BOYS



... capable of a howling 0-50 in five seconds, tips the clock at close to a ton, and yet fits comfortably in the boot of the family car. They're the credentials of Australia's newest funster on two wheels — the mini bike. By Pedr Davis



THERE WAS A TIME when a man wanting a gut-lightening experience took to himself a big Double-A rat with a methanol V8 and blew down a drag strip, accompanied by the fury of molting tyres and the shattering symphony of un baffled exhausts.

Today, for a fraction of the cost and with consummate ease, the same man can experience a small but devastating happening in the saddle of a pint-sized go-machine called a mini bike.

Before wiping tears of mirth from your eyes or composing a poem of praise to the perennial putt-putt, consider this. Some machines like the Sierra P100 and the Benelli Volcano can lay down 0-50 mph acceleration times close to five seconds. If you can do this with your V8 Moscos, you're driving a model they've yet to release.

When it comes to maximum speed, the minis do not exactly hang about either. Speeds up to 100 mph have been recorded. By super-car standards that's tame, but have you ever hit the ton aboard a screaming burner, riding to close to mother earth that you practically shake hands when making a hand signal?

Controlling a high speed mini with eight-inch wheels, takes as much science as nerve. I recently took part in a meeting where one rider took off at full tilt, sailing through the air like an old time aviator. They still haven't found all the bits of the machine.

If speed is not your thing, but you've an urge to straddle a mini bike, how about thrashing through the boondocks with a high-revving two stroke for company, an acute absence of chain and springing and more mobility than you thought possible? Mini bikes weigh from 50 lbs up and thousands of Australians have already found this one possession that they can finally take with them. They

in America in particular, minis are being specially designed as all terrain vehicles. The Amphibuggy has big-dented, low-pressure tyres able to grip in mud, snow and soft sand.

Just the man into the boot of the car, drive to the edge of a wilderness and disappear into the bush with friends and refreshment. There's no doubt that these are playbikes for playboys as well as go-machines for the action seekers.

Riders find there is something astonishingly wise about a mini. Perhaps because it is the most simple form of motorised transport yet devised, it serves as a link between today's industrialisation and the past era when men were men or women were disappointed.

There is an unmistakable brutality about the primitive suspension, an earthiness about the lack of sophistication. The lusty power-to-weight ratio is resulting in its appeal.

Mini-biking began in the early 1950s, though individual examples were built before World War II. As a recreation, it was slow to gather pace until 1965 when Ross Cartwright took an active interest in the affairs of the firm making Bonanza mini trail bikes. He beamed his gurgling frame onto a diminutive machine and was photographed thundering round coconers like an insane contortionist on roller skates. The photographs hit news-sheets around the world. Rounding up every equestrian cliché they could (saw, the capitan writers headlined a new sport. Bonanzas were soon selling 3000 machines a month.

Minis became popular with people from every spectrum of the community. Boys roared to school, race track officials found they could look even busier scurrying around the pits on two wheels. Minis became with-it transport for big-name race drivers, wealthy car owners and as short haul commuters for the jet set flying their own transport.

Sales grew faster in the US than the rest of the world combined. About 420,000 were sold in the US in 1968,

Small in size but not in power, some minis have enough poke to do a wheelstand from a standing start.





\$50,000 in the last year and an estimated 630,000 will be sold this year. Last year, dealers divided about \$18 million in new machine profit alone, to say nothing of spare parts, repairs and accessories.

In Australia, the mini is gaining popularity, with five brands already widely advertised. One importer we know has landed 13 different types for evaluation. He plans to survey those with the best sales appeal and supercharge his sales campaign. He predicts that until rocket packs and gravity belts come along, minibiking will be the most popular form of transport the youth generation has known.

Mini bikes are available in kit form in Australia for about \$75 up (excluding engine). Complete, ready-to-go bikes, with engines, start at \$145.

Some US firms are now investing a lot of money in production. Stellar Electronics and Mig Co., of New York, has built extensive automated assembly lines, able to mass produce a whole range of models. Other major manufacturers follow, proof that they at least expect the mini bike market to continue to grow, rather than evaporate when the first enthusiasm blows out the exhaust pipe.

As insurance, they are building a truly astonishing array of designs. Even though a mini is as basic as you can get, an endless combination of mechanical components and chassis layout is possible. Engines range from three to 18 horsepower, (yet special buidlers are already grabbing mind-bending acceleration by shoe-horning 500 cc engines into wee machines).

Gearboxes range from simple one speed units with an automatic clutch to racing style five-speed designs. Fade killing disc brakes are beginning to appear, along with subtle suspension systems that restore some degree of civility to the ride.

Initially most minis were fitted with small industrial two stroke engines developing around four horsepower. Today you have production machines like the Italian built Benelli Volcano with a 180 cc unit (18 bhp), four speed transmission and heavy duty suspension. At 140 lbs. only 145 lbs., it combines the acceleration of a jack rabbit with the enthusiasm of a chain saw.

At the other end of the scale, a new brand of rough-road



Drag style minis are built for show rather than go. They are the rage overseas. This American built Paco is 43 inches high and is powered by a three hp engine.

mini bikes is appearing. Some have terra tyres that look more like jambo-sized donuts; 20 inches in diameter and 11 inches wide, they lay down foot prints three times as large as a normal tyre, clinging to slippery ground as though sticky.

The entire genre is breaking down into definable groups. Here's the run down.

**GP MINIS.** Youngsters in particular go for general purpose minis, some are designed for use on public roads, others are strictly for the paddocks and bush. Teenagers and younger have discovered that a mini puts them on wheels for less cost than anything short of a bicycle. In theory at least, these machines bridge the generation gap as Dad gets his kick out of showing the youngsters how.

(Continued on page 93)



Racing minis sounds like a child's game—until you learn that some American enthusiasts are hitting 100 mph.

Playboys who like playboies can disappear into the bush with friends and refreshment. Some machines are fully equipped



We encountered only two other boats on the trip — Bob Dyer and Vince Vinuff, both top fishermen, but neither able to score with the frequency of Chapman and his crew.

Let's start out by defining the bait and the tackle. George Brumford, proctor of the Curns scene and a cohort of this particular group, once said: "Against marlin the best tackle and men are never quite good enough." He's right.

The tackle is space-age technology. The Fla-Nor reels Chapman uses cost \$1000 each. The rods cost hundreds. A flying giff costs \$80 — without the rope and handle. On the subject of costs, virtually a taboo subject in this category, I figured Bill was spending about \$500 a day.

Each reel carries about half a mile of top quality monofilament or braided dacron line, which will be discarded on the first hint of tiring or weakness. To the end of the line a tough wire leader is attached to soak up the abusive rubbing of the marlin's bill and body during a fight. The hook is forged and tempered, the bait is usually a whole fish rigged to swim naturally — bonito, barracuda or runners are the usual bait. Most fishermen think these fish are powerhouses, because marlin feed on them. We stuck with smaller baits, mostly less than 30 lb, because heavier ones are difficult to troll in a big sea. It's more fishing when the bait can bend professionals out of shape.

The development of speed techniques in fishing adds to results — and to the calculated risks. They catch marlin in times that seem impossible, going for a knockout in the first few rounds rather than a points decision over a long fight.

My diary shows a typical case. The fish was an 800 pounder, clean-hooked in the corner of the mouth. Bill hit it hard right from the stroke, and the fish went crazy — and not merely because the man was working so hard. It made the first run leaping across the heaving ocean, towards the reef, but Alan Collis ran the boat outside it, between the marlin and the open sea. The fish went berserk for eight minutes, a hair-raising spectacle that left me with goose pimples. He had it to the boat in 10 minutes, tired but far from exhausted. Pete and Dennis moved in on the wire. Pete took double wraps of wire in his gloved hands and lead back, body bouncing as the great fish thrashed at the stern.

The first step in tagging is cutting the wire, and Dennis wielded the clippers. Then the tag was plunged in the meaty shoulder, and Pete held the fish while I leant out to take a picture. The bill appeared up at me and I hurried back inboard as it brushed past. Pete and Dennis laughed as they let it go. It was about 15 feet long, able to pump 30 feet clear of the sea, the kind of marlin lesser anglers would regard as the fish of a lifetime.

This brand of power fishing is possible only with the right kind of angler. I've seen men beaten to a pulp after only an hour against a smaller fish. It's an anomaly of the sport that by the time a man can afford it, he's past his physical prime. Some of the finest things I've seen in boats have been the tight, close work between skippers like Collis or Brumford and the boat anglers. One of the most spectacular performances against a good fish, the season before, had been by Chapman — a fish of about 910 lb beaten in seven minutes. You'll see light tackle anglers take longer over a decent trout.

Marlin fishing is an odd mixture of skill, muscle, speed and technology. Yet for all the preparation and trawling, an exploding marlin can catch experienced men unaware. Bill had taken one fish of 917 lb at Curns a month before, and raised another 22 marlin three days later, including a couple



"But I'm an artist's model, your honor..."

over the states 1000 lb mark. One of those was a heart-stopper.

At the time, things had been running quiet. We were rolling along easily, with the swell coming from astern, and Chapman was seated in the coezy fighting chair. To intense action (fishermen are often slumped forward in such fashions) he swung the seat around, facing backward with his back to the troll belts.

I was talking to Bill, facing aft and watching the bigger time bait, when it happened. A spear as thick as a man's arm cut out of the swell, and exploded into a high-standing, weaving dorsal and bulging dark back, a crash stroke, humping high out and then down on the belt, leaving a white eruption 20 feet wide.

Chapman was at a disadvantage, though it didn't last long. We were yelling at the strike — "Left! Left!" — and because he was facing the wrong way, he headed first for the wrong rod. He corrected immediately and dived for the other, bowed down tight as the line screamed under. Alan Collis was running from the bridge for Dennis to bring in the second bait in case it too was swallowed.

Bill had the great rod in his hands now, slamming back three times to set the hook as he lurched for the fighting chair. I've seen men stagger under the mere weight of the big outfit, yet he held and hit with it as a high sea. Dennis and Pete locked him into the safety of the chair. The boat was backing now, water punching across the stern to soak the occupants. But it was too much fish, running too far and too fast. It jumped several times, 200, 300 yards away, and now Alan was turning the boat to chase, the last resort, but we were still losing too much line. A final, thrashing leap about 600 yards away threw a kink in the leader, and it was over. It took him a long time to re-spool the line.

Such fish are on the edge of impossibility. You need luck, which is why these men believe in it. The following

day was a sample, both of the quality of Cairns fishing and the way the ball can bounce.

We started early, tagged a fish around 300 lbs within 30 minutes, missed a strike from one around 800, missed another smaller fish, and then missed a double-header (two strikes at the same time) before Dennis brewed the 9 o'clock coffee. Things went dead until noon, when a hot little maffin of about 300 threw the hook. At 12:30 Bill at last tied on to a stolid, hard-swimming 900lb fish that did very little jumping, and didn't tag it until 1:35 — about 800 lbs.

At 2:30 we had a crash strike from a bigger and wilder fish. But the frantic leaping killed the wire again. Wire can be a headache, and we had the same thing at 3:45. This too seemed a good one, around four figures. It ate the bait in the ponderous way that this one often shows. But after 20 minutes of an angry fight, the wire parted. Bats went out again instantly, for yet another strike from a smaller maffin. It missed.

We were expecting stilts, and loanwork was agonised with each man doing his job like lightning. At 3:25 Bill tied on a good one which stayed there. We'd stayed within a few miles of the outer barrier, and I had time to study the joint tactics of Chapman and Colts. They're a smooth, hard team, and Alan kept the boat right where Bill needed it. It was fast, close work, with the marlin never more than 300 yards away. The fish leaped furiously against the cage pressure Chapman kept pouring on. Even a marlin of this size couldn't jump forever, it didn't seem long before Peter Wright's hands — sheathed in reinforced gloves — were stretching out for the wire. He took one slow snap, won a second and I noticed the boat edging sideways towards the exhausted fish. Dennis reached out with the spring-steel flying gaff wrenching it back to sink it in the shoulder.

It looked good enough to take in. We towed it in to the quiet water where the Reef Lady was anchored. We used a winch to sling the fish to her side-deck. It looked a good



"I concede the election."

1000 lb. Bill decided Harold should meet it next day off Snapper Island, near the Dumtree catuary, after weighing it in and picking up fresh supplies.

Next morning the 11 am radio schedule called the weight at 1056, first of the big ones for the season. Before the season ended there would be a new national record at 1231, and a world record for the first woman to weigh one in more than 1000 lb. But that day on Kessel, everyone took the news quietly and went on fishing. We had other days ahead.

One morning we put out a bait beside the reef at dawn. It dropped straight down the throat of a 900 pounder that ran deep and fast before surfacing to jump. The down line was pointing vertically down at the stern, just as a snare drum. The line was gripped by water friction in a semi-circle while the fish jumped behind the swell of ocean. We raised 16 that day — lost, missed or tagged. I guess we ended almost as we set out. A bolt had been lost on the last strike, and as Bill wound the bare hook back in we were astonished to see a marlin of about 500 lbs, swimming along behind the hook and peering at it.

"By golly," Pete said, "After fishing like this I wouldn't be surprised if he ate it."

We were right in behind the reef at the time, where fish might sometimes intrude but not too often. That afternoon I turned the conversation to the rain involved and found a surprising degree of agreement.

"A couple of times this trip I've almost gone up in the head to hude after the action and thinking about it," Pete said. "But the weather's the worst. Those forecast guys of yours call this wind force eight to moderate. I'd call it force to frightening. Goddam, it's consistent, this Australian weather. It keeps getting worse ALL the time." It was rough, but the fish were in it.

Big Bill will be back from New York, with Pete from Florida and the hard-pushing Cairns crew. So will I, because there are plans to go to places still unfished.

Nothing can match it. Men taking fish of a size once thought incredible, in times once thought impossible.

Men might live a lifetime trying and never see a fraction of it.



"First you cut off my stalling privileges . . . then, you cut off my cigarette ration . . . now, what?"

Mr Smith was a model of executive nobility and sartorial splendor as he walked up the marble steps leading to the impressive yet tasteless portico of the Holmes Building.

Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, Holmquist and Smith was the biggest advertising agency in the world. It had always been the function of advertising to persuade; now this homier function had become outright coercion. The power of the advertising agency grew with the advent of the Global Television Network, but it was not until the Great Accidental Destruction of Asia had brought the world economy to its knees that these agencies, by now corporate financial giants, really came into their own. The Commonwealth of Australia, with the avowed purpose of preventing widespread financial ruin, general anarchy, and mass starvation, reluctantly took over the reins of world government.

By way of pacification, a free television set was then given to every household not already in possession of one. In due course their use was made compulsory, and the whole world sunk into a pleasant daze, helped by the use of subliminals whenever the Government considered it necessary in order to make the world safe for democracy. Such catchy and uplifting slogans as AUSTRALIA LOVES YOU, or THE GOVERNMENT IS ALWAYS RIGHT, or DON'T THINK, EMOTE PLEASANTFULLY, or LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO RUSSIA were soon imprinted upon the eyeballs of every right-thinking man, woman, and child. And that meant everybody.

Mr Smith had climbed to his position of international power through his astute handling of the Clothing Designers and Manufacturers' account. Nobody had fully realized the potential of this account until Mr Smith had got hold of it. By then, of course it was too late. There had always been seasonal changes in fashion, together with the monthly variations — but now with the help of free enterprise and know-how and subliminal advertising, fashions changed daily and everybody toed the line, by God.

Thus both Rod Amburgeat and Laura Meld had iron-clad contracts with Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, Holmquist and Smith. Every morning the two international fashion idols appeared before their willingly captive audience and showed the people what everybody was going to wear that day and that evening. There was some leeway allowed for individual taste, but not an excessive degree. It was scarcely needful, after all, individual taste had practically disappeared. To appear in yesterday's mode was an act of anti-social behavior worse than flagrant sexual perversion; there was no prescribed penalty, but nobody would ever speak to the offender again.

Perhaps nobody will ever speak to me again, Mr Smith sobbed to himself in the elevator. What will be left then but corporate harassment? The doors slid open at the 21st floor. Thirteen roamed, thought and Smith. Why must men meddle with the fates?

In the main conference room Smith found, as was perfectly proper, his 21 Bright Young Australians and his two bisexual secretaries, Joan and Marie Finsquist, awaiting his arrival. They stood with a chorused greeting as he entered.

These 21 Bright Young Men, his associates, could be a bit of a problem at times because they were all homosexual. Not that this was at all unusual, the deserting circumstance about their mass deviation was that not one of them realized that any of the others was also homosexual, thus duping the popular notion that homosexuality, like

greenmasonry, is a privileged craft. And on each of them fell it necessary to treat the others to tales of searching heterosexual denials, which provided amusing afternoon listening for the nymphomane bisexual twins Joan and Marie, who knew the truth.

"Morning, Mr Smith," chorused the deep-voiced insects. "It," huskily whispered the (as it were) Siamese twins Joan and Marie.

"Men," Smith said seriously and directly, not without an inward smile at this ironic mode of address. "Men, let us be serious and direct. Something big has come up." He seated himself in the heated Reclina-Chair at the head of the conference table.

"I have here," said Smith, "before and after photographs. Kindly pass them around. Then tell me what you think." He could not bear to break the news in words. The photographs were passed quickly around the conference table, leaving a froth of whispers in their wake. Smith waited for the photographs to return, for the whuppers to subside.

"Well," and Smith into the ghastly silence, "what's your opinion, chaps?" He occasionally affected the upperclass English idiom in popular areas the Great Unintentional Destruction of the British Isles. Number One, the spokesman, stood up slowly at the other end of the conference table.

"Sir," he replied with due simplicity, "it becomes evident that Laura Meld has grown a third breast."

Joan and Marie, looking at the photographs, tickled each other in horrified glee.

"You are very perceptive today," Smith congratulated his Bright Young Men. "Our Laura, principal female fashion model for the great Pan Australasian civilization, has indeed sprouted an extra bit."

Number Five allowed his trembling hand to knock a glass of water off the table onto the unsavory lap of Number Six. "You bitch," bawled the unwary Number Six. They looked at each other with a wild smile.

"It will not be news to you," said Smith, "that our Laura was born in Darwin soon after the time of the Great Accidental Destruction of Asia. Unfortunately she also happened to be in Paris at the time of the Great Unintentional Destruction of the British Isles. Radiation, gentlemen, direful radiation in overdose twice repeated has done this foul thing. The most expert medical advice available holds that nothing can be done, short of surgery, to which Laura refuses to consent. We can only console ourselves with the fact that this superannuated boob appears to be more decrepit than functional."

"You will also all be aware that Laura has been incarcerated for three weeks now, taking a much-needed rest under close observation. During this time her appearances have been drawn from our stock of pre-recorded shows. We have none left. Tomorrow Laura must appear live."

"Replace her! Replace her!" roared exorbitant Number Eleven, smiting the table with his manly fist. "Replace the catty stuff!" Numbers Five and Six looked scathingly at him as they held hands under the conference table.

"Impossible," said Smith. "Our psychologists assure me that such a measure would be disastrous. Any replacement must be gradually introduced. The process could take years. To take precipitate action could cause our whole structure of careful conditioning to collapse."

"But what will happen?" Number One cried anxiously. "Who knows?" said Smith. "The dangers are equally great whether Laura appears in her present condition or does not appear at all. Anything could happen."

Smith thought of the crowds out in the streets that morning. What would they do when one of the props of



*"Try not to think about it . . . sometimes that helps!"*

their existence was pulled out from underneath them? Would they turn off their houses and sit naked in the darkness waiting for the final axe to fall?

Or perhaps — Smith cringed inwardly with fear at the thought — perhaps they would become a moaning mob and come looking for him, yesterday's mode dirty, unfashionable, rough and horrible against their skins. And then the lynches' rope, or the slow fall from the top of the Holmes Building. He cringed, seeing himself trampled while heroically trying to defend his office and all he held dear, namely his faithful secretaries and his gold desk set.

"Arrange her clothing to obscure this unwelcome appendage," suggested Number Eight.

"Aha," replied Smith, "it's too large."

"Darling," called Laura Meld from the entrance hall of her luxurious penthouse apartment. "Darling, I'm home again."

"Come in, sweetheart," called her famous lover Rod Ambergrut. "I'm in the bath."

"Delicious, darling," replied the ardent Laura. "I'll be right there with you in a minute."

In her dressing-room she removed her clothing and stood naked before a nest of full-length mirrors. How darling, she enthused. It had taken her a while to get used to it, but now she could only see it as an extra asset. Being new, it was more sensitive than the other two. Mint, untouched. What a lovely surprise for Rod! Giggling, she ran to the bathroom, groped through the steam, and plunged into the double-bed-sized bath. Rod Ambergrut clutched her soppingly.

"My God!" he screamed.

"Rod, darling," said Laura.

"But what's this?" cried Rod. "Whose is this?"

"It's mine, sweetheart. All mine."

"Oh my God. Oh golly gee," sobbed Rod.

"It's real, and it's all mine," said the acquiescent Laura.

"Aaagh," said Rod, and slid under the water in a frust.

"Oh come off it, you useless bag of wind," said vulgar Laura, hauling him to the surface and slopping him into consciousness.

Later, in the lounge, Rod agreed that there might be something to be said for it.

"You certainly have something there," he said doubtfully.

"I certainly have. I've got an extra boob," said properly-conscious Laura with a mischievous smile.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Wear it with pride," volunteered Laura, "as a memorial to American know-how and sedition."

"But the show?"

"What about the show?"

"How on earth can you display the Mode of the Day now? You're — you're different! They won't stand for it."

"They'll stand for anything. The show must go on."

"Garbage!" cried the All-Australian Rod in refutation.

"You can't go on the world network with that — that thing. It's indecent, that's what it is."

"Yes, yes," said Laura, moving towards him, posturing against him. "It's naughty, isn't it, Rod darling, isn't it just naughty and dirty?"

"Aaagh," said Rod, pawing lustfully at her overcrowded bosom. The telephone rang.

Mr Smith replaced the telephone receiver and turned to face the expectant audience around the conference table.

"She says she'll go on anyway," he said after the requisite dramatic pause. The Bright Young Men mottored hysterically amongst themselves.

"Pull yourselves together," exhorted Smith. "This is a

time of challenge. Our future is in jeopardy, not to mention our incomes. In fact the whole Pan-Australian Greater Co-Prosperity Sphere will stand or fall by our actions in these next few hours."

His voice rose to an inspirational pitch. "Let's get down to work. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel and devise such a morning program featuring the New Laura Meld that our successors, our inheritors, can look back in peace and economic security to this time and say — this was their finest hour."

At 7.30 am Rod Ambergrut appeared on the world's TV screens for his morning men-to-men talk. The men listened dutifully, then coded the day's Mode into their Auto-Talors and set off for work in their fresh new shaggy-paper suits. Their wives waved them goodbye, then sat in their turn before their TV sets to await the appearance of the delightful Laura Meld who would tell them what to wear.

At nine am she appeared, wearing a long dark-blue dress cunningly cut to accentuate her third breast. (Third?) In her charmingly husky voice she greeted her faithful audience and swept into the morning's women-to-woman chat. (But third?) The subliminals were hard at work. YOUR COUNTRY LOVES YOU, they said, LAURA IS ALWAYS RIGHT, they said, and COUNT THREE — THREE! Dutifully the screen-struck ladies and girls coded their Auto-Dressmakers to deliver them three-up breakers.

History records no single manner of protest.

That's how it came about that 18 years and some months later, young Roger Quinns and his girl Felicia Groat (remember Roger and Felicia?), lying entwined on the lay-back seats of his car, experienced the shock and horror which comes to us all at maturity. The windows were opaque for privacy in the crowded drive-in theatre.

"Oh, Felicia," said Roger.

"Ooh, Ah," said Felicia.

"Ah Felicia," and Roger, "I love you."

"Oh, I love you, I love you," said Felicia, wriggling against him and desperately kicking his car.

Roger began lecherously to unbutton her dress.

"No, no," she said, "you mustn't, you mustn't."

"Please," said the abject Roger, still unbuttoning.

"No, no, no, Roger, don't."

But the resourceful Roger was already fumbling for the catch on her brazenry, and Felicia realized with terror as it came loose that she had committed the unbelievable crime of forgetting to set the combination lock on the catch. Roger's hands eagerly groped for her firm, secret, warm breasts. And mottled with a muffled scream.

"Oh, Roger darling," wept Felicia, "I'm sorry, I'll make it up to you. I'll be just as good as any normal girl."

"My God," sobbed the stricken Roger. "My God, you're — you're different! You've only got two!" He pushed open the door of his sportster and ran away moaning.

Many years later, after Roger had achieved sufficient status to permit him the discreet addition of several sexy young things from the office for the position of mistress, he discovered how universal the affliction was. Gradually it dawned on him that he'd been bad. But his pride, even then, never allowed him to mention his suspicions to other men of his acquaintance.

Sometimes, though, he scowls so doubtfully as he passes the bronze marble statue of Mr Smith where it stands in the courtyard of the Smith, Holmes, Holmes, Holmes and Holmquist building, flanked by busts, as it were, of his favorite protégé, Laura Meld.



*"That's it, Miss Murdoch. We don't want your face plastered all over page one!"*





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getting around every capital city in Australia**

## THE ADRENALIN BREAKFAST WORLD OF A SWITCHED ON DJ (Continued from page 12)

Six months and another 15 job applications later he was the studio manager at 2KA Katoomba. "I found out later that the only person who wasn't an executive was the cleaner."

While at ZWL, Wollongong Ted got his first big break. "I was doing the afternoon slot when the breakfast announcer took sick. I was the new boy and they said 'Hey man, tomorrow you do the breakfast show'. That was the chance I wanted and I thought to myself 'I will really do it tomorrow. I will do you a breakfast show like you've never heard before'."

Three days later Ted had the breakfast session on a permanent basis and stayed with it for 26 years. Still taking an interest in amateur theatre, he did a stack of shows with local drama groups — working all the time with Sydney in his sights.

"I thought I've just got to get to Sydney. It's the major broadcasting city in Australia and I just had to see whether I could make it in the big league."

A job came up at 2CH and Ted jumped at the chance.

"It really wasn't my kind of station but Sydney is Sydney. I stayed with CH for a year. The best thing was after being 12 months in Sydney and then going back to the bush to get somewhere, I had a rough idea of where it was at. So when I came back from 2HD Newcastle I wasn't all shattered by the bright lights of Sydney radio. But after 12 months at CH I had thought I'm not getting anywhere so I went back to the bush."

"One day 2HD in Newcastle rang up and offered me a job. One of the few times in my life that I've been offered a job. They rang me four times before I agreed to go. I did the Women's session up there. We were good guys. The great thing about HD was that they were aware of what publicity could do. It was really tremendous — every week we were going out, comparing dinner, appearing at shopping centres, out in the mobile van going things away. It was great getting out among the people. Finding out what they wanted, how they reacted."

Opportunity knocked again.

"After a while I thought maybe I'd made a mistake leaving Sydney. But as luck would have it the program manager from 2UW was driving through Newcastle on holidays. He happened to hear my show. He didn't believe it was the same guy — I'd been knocking on his door for years and bloody years. I wanted to work at UW because it was doing the kind of things I wanted to do. He rang me up and asked if I'd come to Sydney as a fill-in announcer. I was on the air when he rang, leaned back to take the call and the chair did from underneath me. There I was flat on my back with my feet pointing at the ceiling, saying 'Yes, no' and the bloody record's going ka-chong, ka-chong."

Back in Sydney Ted worked for a while fill-in for anyone off sick or on holidays until the regular breakfast man was taken off to cover the Pope's visit to Sydney.

"The station decided to take a gamble and let me have a go. So far, and I hope it stays that way, the gamble's paid off. I've still got the show."

How do you tell if you are a success or not?

Mainly by ratings and general reactions. The only thing you've got to work on is your ratings. You're rated for about 40 weeks of the year. The surveys go on for 10-week periods. Ten weeks on, 10 weeks off. At the end of the year all the figures are collated to work out how you've gone for the whole year. If the figures are down you're in trouble.

If you want to become a DJ how do you go about it?

There are schools in most major centres that you can attend. Or you can get a job as a panel operator and start that way. But even then it helps to do a course in radio broadcasting because it gives you the essentials. You don't really start learning until you get on air, but if you've done a course you've got something behind you. As soon as you've mastered the basics — go to a country station. Even though it may get you down . . . the terrible pay, the bosses you have to work . . . you've got to stick with it. You've got to have determination, you've got to believe in yourself. There are only a few big time slots and you don't get one of those overnight.

Is it necessary to know much about the technical side of broadcasting?

Not really. If you're got a technical mind it's worth your while to learn as much as you can. I think it's necessary to have a rough idea about everything that's connected with the industry.

What about amateur drama, is this much help?

I think that acting can help, but too much amateur drama can really screw you up. One of the essentials is to sound natural. If you start speaking very plummy you don't get across. You've got to speak the way everyone else speaks. You've got to speak the way everyone else speaks. But you can't lose your own manner or you lose your personality.

Do you ever record and play back your own session?

It's essential to sit-check yourself at least once a week. With a station like CW they're sit-checking all the time. It's brutal because you don't know when you're being checked — and they don't do it as a corrective measure. You sit down with your program manager and listen to the tape together and you can pick the things you can improve. Or maybe you're doing something that's not achieving what

you want and you drop that. I think it's chasing the old perfection game.

How do you think of things to say all the time?

It's mainly being aware. Reading as much as you can. Observing everything, noticing everything. You've always got to be on the lookout for something that might be useful when you're on air.

Do you have to be very careful of what you say on the air?

I've had my share of balls-ups. Just a slip of the tongue, or sometimes you might use the wrong word and people get the wrong idea but you've just got to forget it and go on. The worst thing you can do is try to apologise — you just get deeper and deeper into the mess. If you make a mistake, if something goes wrong and you really screw it up, you've got to say, "Well, that happened then, that's the past, forget about it."<sup>12</sup>

What about political issues?

I steer clear of politics because I look at myself basically as a light-hearted happy-go-lucky entertainer. I just want to entertain people. Occasionally I might have a jab at a popular political situation, but I don't think my job is to force my opinions down people's throats. I respect other people's opinions and I want them to respect mine. At the age of 27 I don't think I've seen enough of the world or life to sit back and give my opinions and expect people to take notice of them. General conversations with my friends are a different matter. I'll give my opinion then.

Do you think that with all the emphasis on young DJs you might be washed up by the time you're 30?

No. With a breakfast show you're pretty right. There are guys doing breakfast shows who've been doing them for 12 or 13 years and they're not young guys by any means. The

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important thing is to stay with your audience and grow with them, change with them. If you try to regress you're going to lose the audience that you're already established. If you try and pick up a new audience coming through they're not going to accept you as quickly or as easily as the group you've come up with. Also I think that I'm in the age group where the greatest population is — all the war babies.

How does a typical morning start? What do you do before you go on air?

I get up to the sound of three alarm clocks and an early morning remailer call. As soon as I get to work I go to the newsroom. You've got to know what's happening even if you don't use the material on your show. I like to read the papers before I go on air. It's strange, I can get into the studio an hour before I go on air, and I'm still mostly naked about five o'clock. I'm too busy to smoke before about 8.30.

Do you have your show worked out before you go on air?

No. Again this is my personal way of doing it. I get a stack of records and as I'm going through the show I pick out the one I want. A lot of guys do select their whole program beforehand and write it all down but I'd rather do it as I go along.

How do you select new records for your show?

When new records come out we usually have a session in the library — all the DJs I read Cotton, Hillboard, Musical Express and all that kind of thing. But you need more than a knowledge of the name. You've got to push your own personality. If you just push your name, if you just lean on the name, the name becomes a personality in its own right. You've got to inject yourself into the show so it becomes your program.

What are your ambitions?

That's strange, you know, because I never sit back and say "What are my ambitions?" I suppose I'll eventually move on to television. But I don't want to ever give up radio if I can help it. Radio is something that I know and like. I put out a record — which was a bit of a luck. It sold about 300 copies, but there's still someone with faith in me because I'm going to do another one. I also do over-the-air commercials. If I do television it will be as something different. I also write songs. Anything that differs is worthwhile even if there isn't a quad in it. It's using your brain — and if you keep your brain active then your brain is going to be active on air.

How much does a DJ earn?

It's fantastic really. There's one guy who's earning a couple of thousand a week. It starts at about \$35 a week

for someone just starting with a country station. The money's atrocious when you start, but like anything else you're getting paid to learn and you've got to expect low salaries. When I started I thought the pay was terrible, but looking back it's not too bad because it gives you an aim, a goal. The average DJ would rise to between TV and 10,000 a year. I mentioned guys getting a couple of thousand a week — there's only one or two and that's because of their diversification. They've got themselves into so many things which all spin off from their radio show.

Do you get lots of bids because you're a DJ?

I wish it was true. You tend to stay within the industry. You take out bids who understand what you're doing. But you get some very weird phone calls at times.

You mean you get propositions over the phone?

Well, not so much on breakfast. I know when I was working late at night a woman would ring you up and say "Oh, you just caught me. I just got out of the shower and I've got nothing on". Well, you have to handle calls like this very carefully. I made a point of never going after these chicks because there were stories of guys who'd taken up offers like these, and they were really bad news. I'd just talk to them and make some excuse like I was too tired to visit anyone that night. Anyway they've got hangup on what you are on the air — and you're not really like that. On the air basically I'm a bit of a puffball but I couldn't be like that 24 hours a day, I'd go off my brain.

What do you do when you want to get away from the radio scene? Can you ever cut it off completely?

I don't think you can ever get completely away from radio because it's the kind of job that you live. Whenever you're with your friends or even in casual conversation — all the time you're picking up little things that are relevant. If you're talking about records, or music, or current affairs, anything, you're always on the lookout for something you can use. Also your friends tend to be within the business and that's what you're interested in. But sometimes I feel I've just got to get as far away as possible. Then I go to Bathurst, where my parents live, or stay with friends who've got a property outside Newcastle. I go there and just contemplate my navel, I suppose, and try to unwind.

Do you sometimes feel at five in the morning that you really don't want to go on air? That you don't want to do the show?

If I'm at a party I might feel that I don't want to go on but I always do. In the seven years that I've been on radio I've had two days off sick. And that was because I lost my voice. That was the most worrying thing that ever happened. I thought "Well, if that goes, that's the whole scene". But I don't think that would worry me so much now. I like to think of John Laws saying: "It's better to be a fish in the pan, than never to have hit the pan at all."

Can you see any changes in the DJ business?

I think more personality is going to come into it. I came into radio near the end of the last personality kick. I chose myself as a personality announcer. I push personality. But since I've come in there's been more emphasis on the straight guy who just gives the time, plays the records and that's it. I believe, hope, pray, that the personality bit is going to come back again. Where when you tune in, you're tuning into the guy. The top station in Sydney at the moment is a music station where you can tune into any time and you don't know who's on — they all sound the same. It's been successful so far but I think it will change. I think people are going to demand more.

How did you feel when you started out as a DJ?

Nervous, nervous as a cat — but your confidence increases. When I first heard a tape of my voice on radio it was a tremendous kick, but after a while you say, "Oh well, so long as I get paid for it".



"You folks care for a drink?"

How does it feel to go on radio now, after seven years? I'm still keyed-up. The minute I get that microphone in front of me and I'm on air — away I go. You can come into the studio feeling awful, wanting to die — but the minute you're on air, forget it. The old adrenalin's running and the show's on the road. Even the worst hangover disappears, until you finish the show, then pow — it hits you.

Have you ever had to take pep pills to keep going?

No! Radio gives you a tremendous high. I think the reason I can face a lot of things is because for four hours a day five days a week I can get high without using anything to get me there. Just music and adrenalin. As soon as I go on air I change, I smile and my brain starts working faster than it does at any other time. You're keyed up and ready to go, I think about people while I'm on air and the little things they are doing. On a breakfast show I think about coffee in bed, having to face fried eggs for breakfast, old dressing gowns and getting ready for the day. When I did late night radio I used to think about people carrying on — and I'd broadcast to them. The things I'd say and the kind of music that I'd play would be for them. It's the greatest feeling I know, sitting up there in front of the microphone. You know that you're getting through to people. You're communicating with them, entertaining them. I suppose it's a power kick in a way — but it's more complicated than that — it's doing what I do best.

#### PLAY BIKES FOR PLAYBOYS (Continued from page 88)

In practice the kids learn so quickly they are often thrashing the countryside while Dad is working out Lesson Two. Kids with less co-operative parents are learning to build their own machine, with wrecked motor bike bits, a lawn mower engine and some bent piping.

**STREET LEGAL:** Some professionally made machines, like Honda and Suzuki, are fully equipped and eligible for registration as a normal motor cycle. They are not the wisest machines for city riding as the small size makes them extremely vulnerable in busy traffic. Nevertheless, boat enthusiasts, aircraft pilots and some businessmen tote them along to ride when their main transport has gone as far as it can go.

**TRAIL MINIS:** Robust and heavier than others, trail designs are intended for bush whacking. They often have knobby tyres, spurs frame and more than one gear. Not as fast as a conventional trail machine, nor as robust, but they are extremely agile. If conditions become impossible, the rider can hop off and lift his machine out of trouble.

**CHOPPERS:** These are the ultimate in fun machines. Made for show rather than go, they have high handlebars, a towering back rest and great looks. Not as transportable as a regular mini, they are a certain crowd stopper wherever they appear.

**SUPER MINIS:** As production has climbed in such mini bike centres as US, Taiwan and Italy, a new breed of machine has emerged to cater for the affluent, ultra enthusiast and businessman who arranges in the saddle rather than the golf course. The super mini is a virtually sealed down motor cycle, complete with the usual refinements such as springs, gearbox, two banks and electrical system. Naturally they are dearer to buy but like their kin can return 200 miles to the gallon and need not be registered or insured unless driven on public roads. Sheltering fun to own, they are still simple enough to keep their owners away from involved maintenance chores.

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THE BIG RED RED (Continued from page 22)

"I thought so."

"You thought so?"

"I thought you were only nineteen."

"What do you mean only nineteen?"

"I mean you act like it sometimes. Pack up and let's be off."

"I haven't said I was going anywhere with you."

I wrinkled my brow with the faintest sign of concentration and paused for 10 seconds. "You're right, you haven't," I said. I used the hand unwrapping alone I always used as a kid to get my way.

Her hands began to fidget with her papers but I kept my eyes fixed on hers. She began to play with the zipper of her brief case.

Finally she said, "I have to be home early. Maybe some other night."

Smiling warmly now, I reached out and touched her twitching hand lightly. "Pack up," I said. "This will be a real surprise."

"It's a dump," she said in disgust as we passed through the open door of the restaurant. It had been renovated five years ago from a collapsing wood-frame two-story tenement house by a Hungarian who imported his life savings in cheap paint, plastic flowers and a new stove. We passed between the two rows of wooden tables that stretched along the lavender walls into a second room where I thought the atmosphere was better.

The light was dimmer, there were fewer people and the table cloths were cleaner. One other couple huddled together over the centre of their table, the green bottle holding the multi-colored dip candle stub standing stiffly between them. I had told Bela I was over and over again that the candle idea was crazy but his only answer was that all my ideas cost money.

When you first entered the Budapest Barn you instinctively looked to see if there was hay on the floor. When you sat down you noticed in the waning candle light the food stains on the red checked table cloths and the 10-cent plastic salt and pepper shakers studded with grimy fingerprints. The walls weren't particularly clean either, because the last time Bela had washed them was opening night.

Cheryl Gluckstein wasn't impressed. I smiled indulgently and pulled a chair out for her.

"Sit," I said. "And do not form conclusions from first impressions."

"My first impression is that this place is a dump."

"That is both a first impression and a conclusion. The very thing to avoid."

"Why did you bring me here?"

"I'll order the Kocorys as an entree," I said. "And the Smorys Hax for you."

"Maybe if I close my eyes I'll be able to eat it."

"Bela!" I said loudly. The proprietor of the establishment came from the kitchen, walking briskly with short, quick steps.

"James!" he said. "So good to see you."

"Cheryl Gluckstein," I said, nodding. Bela bowed deeply. "My pleasure," he said. "Indeed my pleasure."

She smiled weakly.

"We'll have Smorys Hax for the lady," I said. "And, of course, Kecs Kapsorba for me. Kocorys for both of us, to begin."

"Of course," he said, smiling, nodding. "Of course. And

bought it will be special."

"Bela," I said, "it is always special." I do not compliment people undeservingly. Bela is the greatest cook I have ever met and I have met quite a few cooks. My mother taught me to appreciate them and seek them out. We had a cook during some periods of my life, but most of the time my mother did kitchen duty, not because she had to, but because she thought she should and felt that a cook was too much of a luxury for us, which it wasn't. My mother was the worst cook I have ever known and, like bad wine, did not improve with age.

"I get it," Cheryl said, propping one elbow on the table and laying her cheek in the open palm of her hand. "This is a family business and you're drumming up customers."

"Do you live with your parents?"

She folded both arms together and leaned forward on the edge of the table. "Why do you want to know about my parents?"

"I don't care about your parents," I said.

"You're an idiot," she said. "Why ask me about them?"

"I didn't ask you about them. I asked you if you live with them."

"Why?"

"I want to know whether it's better to go back to my place or yours."

"You dirty-minded little—"

"There is nothing dirty about my mind. Nor about my apartment, as you will see."

"Fai God-damned chance," she said, glancing towards the couple at the other table, waiting to ignore me or at least change the subject.

"You should switch to English Lit," I said.

"Why the hell would I want to switch to English Lit? I've done English Lit." She was very hostile now. The sort of mood where anything I said would bring a sharp rejoinder. "You'd learn to speak better," I said.

"Like you," she said sarcastically.

"Take me," I said. "Anthology doesn't teach you to use your imagination, or your aesthetic sense either."

"Look, can we just not talk any more until the food comes? And then you can take me home."

"I think we'll definitely go to my place," I said. "Even if you don't have parents, my place is better because I know where everything is."

She closed her eyes and concentrated on not saying anything. I found myself wanting to touch her hair. It was indeed very much like my mother's hair. I smiled to myself, folded my hands on the table and waited patiently.

"Tell me," she said finally, in a low voice. "Do you ever take a girl out twice?"

"It depends," I said. Her eyes were open now so I ignored casually so she could see I wasn't nervous.

"It's not it does," she said.

"You know a lot of chicks," I said. "That's another reason English Lit would be good for you."

"What do you know, I'd like to know, except how to annoy people?"

I looked at her thoughtfully. "Yes, I think I will," I said.

"Will what?"

"Take you out again. You have an intensity I like, and it's possible to ignore certain factors."

Wide-eyed and appreciative, surprised, slightly embarrassed, Cheryl reconsidered her opinion of me under the gastronomical impact of the meal she had just finished.

"That was good," she said.

"It was more than good," I said.

"It was delicious. Thank you for bringing me. Really, you know, a place like this, I can't believe how good the food is. And the wine was beautiful too."

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"Yes, I know."

"I live near the campus. I have a furnished room. Will you see me home?"

"We'll take a taxi."

"You're all right? You can afford all this?"

"Of course."

"Are your parents well off?"

"They're rich."

"And you're rich too?"

"My father doesn't think it's embarrassing to be poor, so I don't have to start at the bottom and climb my way up."

"What are you going to do when you leave uni?"

"Make money."

"What a silly thing to say. Why for God's sake do you just want to make money if you already have all you need? Why don't you do something you want to do just for the sake of doing it?"

"I want to make money and I want to do it just for the sake of doing it."

"I don't understand that."

"I know you don't understand that. Why should you? And what difference does it make? You don't understand archaeology either. That's the way it is with you. I think you probably have a pretty good brain but the first couple of kids will sap off any potential."

"You're God-damned insulting aren't you?"

"I can afford to be."

"I think I'll go now. Thanks for the dinner, it was really good. I'll remember this place."

"Bela always does his best for me."

"Well, I'm perfectly willing to settle for his worst."

"Come on," I said. "We'll get that taxi."

I paid Bela for the dinner, plus an extra two dollars, and we left. We walked up three blocks to the main boulevard and I hailed a taxi. I stuck my head in the open window opposite the driver and told him my address in a low voice before I opened the back door for her. There was no point in having an argument in the taxi. Public rows are very embarrassing and you never win a point.

When the taxi pulled up in front of my place she said, "That isn't where I live."

"I know. It's where I live."

"I don't want to go where you live. I want to go where I live."

The driver had turned the overhead light on and was half crouched in his seat, looking back at us, waiting for me to pay him. I handed him five dollars, opened my door and got out. He reached out with the change and I waved it away.

"You haven't seen my place. You don't know whether you want to go there or not."

"I'm not going to see it and I know I don't want to go there."

"The taxi driver wants to go," I pointed out. "You only live a couple of blocks from here. You can walk if you want."

She looked at me disgustedly, then glanced at the driver. "I'm sorry," she mumbled and slid out my side. I slammed the door and the taxi pulled away.

"Seems like that was very embarrassing," I said.

"They certainly are." She glared at me venomously, then began nibbling tentatively at her lower lip. "Will you walk me home? I don't like to—"

"Sure," I said. "Of course I'll walk you home. After you've come up and had a drink. There's no fun in arguing and you haven't anything to lose, have you?"

"I'm tired. Really."

"Of course you're tired. Everybody gets tired at 11 pm if they haven't something to interest them or something to

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do." I put my hand under her elbow and directed her towards the lift.

"This looks very expensive," she said. We walked silently along the carpeted hall, between the two large Promax prints hung on the pale blue walls in plain square wooden frames. The pictures and the planter of ferns at the end were meant to give an elegant, exclusive atmosphere to the place. The pictures meant that the people who visited here were not the sort who would steal them and the ferns meant that the plants were high enough to hide someone to water plants. They needed a lot of water, actually, and the carpets were vacuumed every day. And for \$60 a month extra they cleaned my apartment twice a week."

"It is very expensive," I said. "You'll like it. You'll like my Scotch too."

"I know what I'd really like, if only—"

I didn't give her a chance to finish. I turned the key in the lock and opened the door.

"In," I said.

"In," I said.

In she went and behind her I flipped the lights. The effect was very good. I'd turned on the indirect lighting rather than the overheads and the room was a green-tinted, muted darkness where one got the impression of order, neatness, precision, luxury — all softly embodied on the senses rather than bang at the eyeball. I make a study of effects because they can be very important in certain situations.

She tried not to look impressed and she did a pretty good job of it. "What a waste of good money," she said. "The color scheme yours?"

There was nothing wrong with the color scheme, though I might have chosen differently had I deconstructed the apartment myself. "Everything's mine," I said, to avoid pointless discussion.

"I want to go home," she said.

"Scotch in your water or water in your Scotch?"

She didn't say anything so I put a little water in some Scotch and handed it to her. I put on a Brahms symphony and then sat down on the couch.

"Sit here," I said, indicating the spot beside me.

She sat down in a slant-backed green leather chair across the room. "I can't talk to you over there," I said. "I'll have to yell."

"Yell all you want."

"Why do you think you don't want to go to bed with me?" I asked, studying my drink with an amused smile.

"Oh for God's sake," she said.

I lowered the drink and looked the question at her.

"For God's sake," she said.

"I'll tell you why," I said.

"Oh yes, for God's sake tell me why."

"Because, like all young girls, you think going to bed should be romantic. You don't think it should just be fun."

"How do you know what I think about it?"

"You're using your voice," I pointed out.

"Well, how do you know? I haven't said a word about what I think about sex. Have I? But I'll tell you why I don't want to go to bed with you. Because I don't want to go to bed with you. You're a pompous, committed little bastard who—"

"Come off it," I said, smiling indulgently.

"I want to go home," she said.

"You don't want to go home yet," I said. "Have another drink."

"If I have another drink I'll fall asleep."

"Have another drink and I promise you won't go to sleep."

"I wouldn't trust any of your promises."

"That's because you think I wouldn't keep them."





"Any of you guys want to buy a second-hand aqualung?"

"Tell me something obvious."

"I always keep my promises. Like walking you home. I promised to walk you home, and I will walk you home. After I've made love to you."

"Oh, for God's sake."

"Can't you think of another exclamation, for the sake of variety?"

"How about go to hell?"

"Different, though still theological."

I went to the closed door leading to the bedroom. Unlike the rest of the apartment, the bedroom was entirely my own achievement, from carpets to fixtures. I had moved it when I moved in. I opened the door.

"I want to show you something," I said.

"Does that mean I have to get up?"

"I can't bring it over to you."

"What is it?"

"A bed."

She looked at me incredulously. "You don't believe me, do you? You really don't believe I'm not going to bed with you?"

"I believe you," I said, to avoid senseless argument. "I really do believe you. I didn't say I wanted you to get in the bed. I said I wanted you to see it."

"Why should I want to see your bed?"

"You won't know why until you've seen it, will you?"

"Conversation with you seems to always end up where you want it to end up."

"Want to know how I do it?"

"No," she said, getting up from the chair. "No, please. Just show me the bed and then take me home."

She stood three feet away from me on the other side of the doorway. She had to tilt her head sideways at an angle in order to see into the room. I switched the light.

"My God," she said.

It was impressive, but then I've made a study of effects, as I said, and my bedroom was my greatest achievement.

The bedspread was a deep, rich scarlet felt, the kind of stuff you want to touch the instant you see it. The bed itself was huge and had cost me a lot of money. It was nine feet long and 12 wide, and your first impression was that the room was all bed. But there was plenty of space around the perimeter for every requirement — bar, stereo, bookshelves of erotic literature, storage space. All the cabinets were teak paneled, a burnished contrast to the scarlet spread. There was a mirror at the end of the bed which could be tilted to any angle. The soft lighting came from lamps enclosed within the teak cabinets and glowed on ceiling and floor. You saw them only as faint round spots of light because of the low wattage of the bulbs.

The walls of the room were chocolate brown. Four pictures, one on each wall, stood out in plain white frames. There was a Picasso line drawing of a man between the legs of a big, wide earth woman, a Hieronymus van Bosch print of an saint lightmaker, a John Lennon and composition, and a photographic reproduction in color of a beautiful long-haired blonde girl having an orgasm sitting on a guy's lap, her legs wrapped around him.

"My God," Cheryl Gluckheim murmured once more beside me. "You've got to be kidding."

"I'm not kidding," I said and reached out and pressed a button beneath the light switch.

Dimly over the bed a panel slid back, revealing a size by 12 foot mirror. At an angle, you could see the bright red reflection like a still wooded pond at sunset.

Cheryl Gluckheim unconsciously took a step into the client, dusky room.

It was very impressive, no doubt about that.

I shut the door behind us.

"That's a mini wardrobe over there," I said, indicating

the three-foot high cabinet at the end of the bed. "There's space for everything, including your shoes."

She looked at me with amiable amusement. "You want me to get undressed, really find everything away and get into bed with you? And you really expect me to do it!"

I added my lie and threw it casually across the hi-fi.

She took a step backward while I took three steps forward. Her gray eyes widened. She started breathing through her mouth.

"You're utterly incredible," she whispered, as I brought the hem of her gown down over her hips. When I had raised it high enough to cover those staring eyes, she pulled it the rest of the way over her head while I pulled her flowered panties down.

"You got into bed and I'll hang up the clothes," I pointed towards the bookshelf. "You'll find some books there that might be of some interest to an archeology student. Have a look and I'll put a new record on and make us another drink."

After a few seconds she waded the three chrome rungs of the ladder built into the back of the cabinet on the near side of the bed and walked onto the springy surface.

"I don't know what I'm even doing here," Cheryl Gluckheim murmured. She glanced around, aghast, and reached for a book.

It wasn't the time to discuss that question, I decided and concentrated on undressing, itself a minor art.

"It's very late," I said, my arm around her waist as we jogged along uncomfortably down the empty fourth street. "You're quite sure you want to go home now?"

"Yes, I just want my own bed. My own simple, single, drab little bed."

"Okay," I said. "But I was enjoying the music. I always enjoy Ravel before sex and Beethoven after — it's a particular taste of mine."

"Shut up, will you? Just shut up."

"Okay," I said. "I know you're tired, but don't let it irritate you. It's good to be tired when you have had something good to be tired from."

"Will you please—"

"Sure," I said. "Here we are anyway." We had come to the address she had given me. It was only a 10 minute walk from my place. Very handy.

The three-story terrace rose above us, peeling white paint from its stone front, the rusty iron railings of the second-storey window dark and dreary, draped in the shadows of the moonless morning. It wasn't the sort of place I would want to live.

"Well," I said happily. "Shall I see you up? Want to have a cup of coffee?"

"For God's sake," she said. "Go home. Just go home. I don't want to go out with you again or see you again or think about you again or anything again. I don't think you're attractive. I don't even like you. You're obnoxious, offensive and unpleasant. I really have no idea why I went to bed with you. It was just a terrible moment of weakness because I — well, I — anyway, just go and don't come back."

"All right," I said. I smoothed my hand over the back of her head and kissed her lightly, quickly on the nose. "But I'll be back."

I left her there and walked down the street without looking back. I was remembering what she looked like, recalling her naked body, imagining the pale white breasts peeping through the alien strands of her long Auburn hair, and I felt on top of the world. I intended to have a good sleep, then see her tomorrow in the library.

It didn't matter what she had said. A lot of girls have told me things like that. It never worries me.

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## END OF THE ROAD?

THE Australian representative of a French firm which builds aero trains has predicted that the wheel, for thousands of years the ultimate means of transport, won't be round for much longer.

Seems that there is going to be a revolution in transport in the foreseeable future, with air-cushion vehicles taking over. Air-cushion travel apparently has a lot going for it: it's economic to run, cheap to set up and is noise and pollution free.

Aero trains can reach speeds of more than 150 mph and are supported by a single cushion of air.

Wonder what's going to happen to that expression "a big wheel" meaning that a person's important. Somehow "a big cushion" doesn't have the same ring to it.

## RENT-A-AGENT

WEST BERLIN is making an all-out effort to attract young, lone women to the divided German city. It seems that many tourists have the idea that Berlin the city is a "man's" playground; consequently there's a shortage of females.

The local tourist office is offering a special Passport for Ladies, which lists all shops open after 6:30 pm, in addition to tourist tips about hotels and cafes. It even has a list of hairdressers open on Mondays — usually a do-it-yourself day in Berlin.

We were going to suggest that some of Australia's cities look into the scheme as a way of attracting more tourists, but, no hell, what's the use?

Australian cities die at 5:30 pm as the last commuter special speeds out from the subway terminal. Come 7 pm you can shoot a cannon down most city streets and be guaranteed not to hit a thing. So what would you hit in a similar type of book for Australia? Imagine, horror, a store being open after 5 or 5:30 pm! Why it might amount to service or convenience for the public, and of course that would never do!

However, if we do manage to attract the unaccompanied woman tourist, maybe we can steal the West Berliners' coup de grace. Rent A Gent. If the bird feels the need for a male escort in Berlin, she merely telephones one of a number of organizations which supply her with a man for the day or evening.

## PLAYING THE FIELD

IRATE farmers are battling to repel an invasion by coupling couples who cause thousands of dollars' damage by driving into country fields.

The lovers are running ripening crops in their search for privacy.

The angry landowners say the couples' cars are almost as big a menace as gales.

One farmer reports that an anxious lover moved two half-hundredweight blocks to get into a field.

"And when I turned on the lights of my van, he had the nerve to ask me to switch them off while his girl dressed," he complained.

The farmers say they have no objection to the couples if they park in gateways. It's when fences are ripped down and crops ground into the dust by cars that they lose their cool.

## A JUMBO ORGAN

IRIS the elephant isn't much of a hand at blowing her own trumpet, but she's a whiz with a mouth organ.

Four-year-old Iris, an inmate of a London zoo, has just mastered a few bars of The March Of The Mocks on her jumbo-sized instrument.

The Indian elephant, with a tangle of tricks up her trunk, blasts out peeces on a 3 ft long mouth organ in her cage.

Iris is moving on to bigger things now. She is practising for a mighty rendering of It's Now Or Never.

## BIIBLICAL TREASURE MAP

NOT many people think of the Bible as a treasure map, but it just could be the one which will lead to the biggest stolen treasure of all time.

For centuries man has read in the Book of Kings about a fleet of King Solomon's ships going down in the Gulf of Aden. They were reputedly loaded with treasures from Ethiopia, Arabia and India. The Bible gives the general area where the ships sank, but until now man has not had the technical know-how to find the fleet.

However, using new sophisticated electronic devices, searobot-treasure hunters will begin a methodical probe of the floor of the Gulf.

If the fleet is on the bottom, it will be raised by pumping air into tanks which will be attached to the wrecks. Then the Biblical references will be checked out.

If the accounts are true then it will be probably the biggest ever haul of stolen treasure.

## NEW ROLE FOR CLINT

CLINT EASTWOOD, one of the top action stars in films today, has a new image in the suspense drama, The Beguiled, now showing in Australia.

He shares honors with an all-female cast in a highly dramatic tale of a wounded Union soldier who takes shelter in a Southern girls' school and finds his life in greater jeopardy than before.

Gwendolyn Page and Elizabeth Hartman star as the headmistress and assistant of the seminary where Eastwood seeks sanctuary. Famed blues singer Mavis Mercur makes her dramatic film debut in the production.

It's quite different from the westerns Eastwood has made in the past. No bad guys to knock off with a blazing six gun. No showdowns in the middle of a dirt street. No trusted horse to gallop him to safety when the odds are stacked against him.

But the dangers are just as awesome in The Beguiled, and a bunch of scheming schoolgirls can prove to be just as difficult to deal with as cattle rustlers or a hired gun.

Eastwood rose to screen success as the star of the "Dollars" westerns filmed in Italy.

—MARSHALL KIRBY



# NEXT MONTH IN MAN

## YOUR SEX FANTASIES

All men have sex fantasies, though few will admit it. And still fewer of us realise that they are a normal, healthy thought process, often quite necessary for a fulfilling sexual experience. A noted doctor and sexologist explodes the myths surrounding these fantasies which rule our deepest desires.

## ALSO IN NEXT MONTH'S MAN

### ON THE BRINK OF DEATH

The body lies on a ledge 50 feet under the cliff top, about 200 feet above the waves pounding on the jagged rocks below. A line is thrown over, it whips in the howling wind. A figure in white overalls is gingerly lowered past the precipice, down towards the crumpled, bloodied lump of flesh. This is Sydney's Police Rescue Squad in action. Saving lives is their business, death is ever-present. Jeff Bird talks to the men of the Squad.



### THE MALE PILL

A decade ago the oral contraceptive for women burst on the scene, heralding the Sexual Revolution. Since then the medical profession has searched for an even better contraceptive — THE MALE PILL. Some scientists believe they are on the threshold of success. Others say an oral contraceptive for men is still years away. MATT KENNEY spoke to doctors and researchers and decided that soon you could be taking The Pill.

**AND 16 PAGES OF MAN'S GIRLS -  
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